

The Improvement ERA

FEBRUARY, 1931

Vol. 34 No. 4

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Facing Life

By

DR. ADAM S. BENNION



An Epidemic of Happiness

By

KENYON WADE



Essentials of Public
Speaking

By

DR. A. F. BLANKS



Without Malice

By

IDA STEWART PEAY

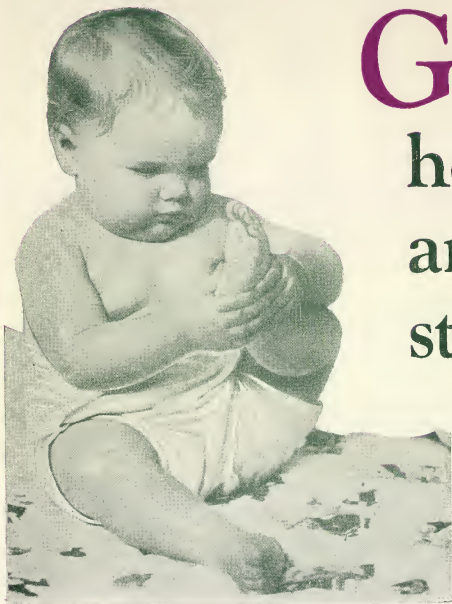


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FORECAST

THE article, "In the Realm of Literature," which appeared in the January number has done what we hoped it would do—aroused considerable controversy. Dr. J. H. Paul, well known to our readers as a vigorous writer, will have something on this subject in the March number. Watch for his article, "Has the Desert Failed to Blossom?"

WHAT do you know about the bloodless revolution in India? About Mahatma Gandhi, or the reasons why a tax on salt has thrown a nation of more than three hundred million people into turmoil? A native East Indian, Daljit Singh Sadaria, in this country to take his master's degree from Harvard, treats this subject in an illuminating manner. His article will appear in the next number.

DO Utahns know Utah? Tucked away in different sections of the state are spots of interest great enough to lure from other parts of the country investigators of prominence. Charles L. Bernheimer of the American Museum of Natural History, sometimes accompanied by Earl H. Morris, archaeologist of the same institution, has made many western trips for the purpose of exploring cliffs and caves of the San Juan country. Many interesting things have been unearthed through these explorations, and the March issue of the "Era" will contain an article, well illustrated, on this subject.

NOT many babies are fortunate enough to have their photo taken with their parents, four grandparents, and eight great grandparents. A picture of such a rare group, all well-known people in the community, will appear in our next number.

ARE you reading "Essentials of Public Speaking" by Dr. Anthony F. Blanks? In this community where every man and woman is expected to be able to arise and give a reason for the hope that is within them, it is highly important that the essentials of speaking be understood and practiced. Four articles altogether will comprise this series.

The Improvement ERA

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

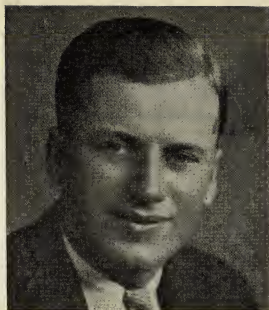
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The Awakening of a Testimony

Lyman stake reported the largest increase in the percentage of its quota from December 8 to January 1, with 25% increase. Star Valley is second, with a 16% increase; Shelley and Benson are tied for third, with 15%; Uintah is 4th, with 14%; and Gunnison and Wasatch are tied for 5th with 13%.

Benson Stake is first in the greatest number of subscriptions for the period, with 78. Liberty is second, with 70; Ogden, third, with 56; Grant, fourth, with 53; and Utah, fifth, with 52.

INCIDENTS that have led to an awakening of a testimony of the truth of the Gospel stand out in the lives of every Latter-day Saint. An experience is recalled that came under observation in the Southern States mission. It began with the purchase of a Book of Mormon by a woman after a cottage meeting that was held in a sparsely settled, thickly wooded section of Southern Alabama.

During the next trip of elders through that part of the country six months later, this woman applied for baptism. She had simply read the Book of Mormon and a testimony of the truth of the Gospel had been given her. This woman died before she herself could be baptized, but because of her example and her good work, many other people were baptized and a small branch of the Church was established in that vicinity.

Because of this experience, the

importance of the Book of Mormon as a missionary organ was impressed very forcibly upon the elders. Since that time something of this importance has been carried over also to the *Improvement Era*. This magazine provides an intimate contact between the reader and the leaders of the Church. It carries messages of the utmost importance to the Priesthood and the Mutual workers. It is filled with interesting stories and faith-promoting articles for the young people of our Church.

President Grant is reported recently to have said that children from homes where the *Improvement Era* is read are more likely to grow up to be faithful Latter-day Saints.

It is this splendid missionary service that furnishes the incentive for our workers in the stakes and wards to roll up new records month after month throughout the year in the distribution of the *Improvement Era*. During the past month, Hyrum, Yellowstone, Cache, St. Joseph, Curlew, and Raft River stakes reported 100%

of their *Era* quota. Directors Homer Englestead and Lyle Sullivan wired: "Wonderful contents of December *Era* resulted in putting drive over top in Zion Park Stake."

Read the *Improvement Era*. It will increase your testimony. Put it in the way of your children and of your neighbors and friends. It will awaken theirs.

Stakes Having 100% of Their *Era* Quota Jan. 1, 1931

| | |
|-------------|-----|
| Union | 158 |
| Franklin | 131 |
| Moapa | 123 |
| San Juan | 115 |
| Teton | 113 |
| Pocatello | 111 |
| Alpine | 108 |
| Zion Park | 108 |
| Yellowstone | 104 |
| Montpelier | 103 |
| St. Joseph | 102 |
| Hyrum | 101 |
| Cache | 100 |

(Kolob, Curlew and Fremont stakes reached their quotas by January 10. Maricopa stake wired they are also over.)

EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

Our Missionary System

IF this work were not true, our missionary system would destroy it in a very short time." This thought was expressed by President Heber J. Grant in a recent sermon, and a serious consideration of the subject will bring the conviction that it is literally true. Tens of thousands of men, young and old, have gone out into the world to expound the doctrines of the Church. It is almost universally conceded that their motives in thus going are honest and that they are sincere in their efforts. If this is true, it is inconceivable that they would at their own expense and with no hope of earthly gain disseminate an imposture. Being reasonably intelligent, it is equally inconceivable that they would not discover the first appearance of falsehood in their pretensions, and, as honest men, expose the fraud. Many of these missionaries are college graduates who have learned how to analyze a situation, to make comparisons, and to reach logical conclusions. They have learned to do their own thinking and to think things through. Marvelous opportunities are given them to compare "Mormonism" with other systems. Missionaries of this Church meet ministers and laity, teachers and students, leaders and followers. They meet trained opponents whose arguments must be answered.

In view of these facts, it would seem the charge that our representatives are deluded must be dismissed.

Some people, of course, doubt their sincerity, but can these doubters suggest a reason why men leave home and loved ones, spend time, means, and energy in promoting a fraud without any possible chance for gain?

President Grant's observations on this subject are shared by the rank and file of Latter-day Saints. He says:

"I have never investigated beyond my own experience in life, but I know of no single missionary who has gone out into the world, not one, who has been converted to any other religion and come home to announce that this Gospel of Jesus Christ is not true. But by the hundreds and thousands, during my life, I have heard the testimonies of the young men and the young women who have gone out to proclaim this Gospel returning from their missionary work and bearing witness that they had an increased knowledge of the divinity of this work, that their testimonies had been strengthened. Think of it! What a wonderful miracle it is that with this 'false' prophet and these 'purported' revelations our young inexperienced members of the Church go out and come in contact with all the education, all the learning, and all the faiths of the world, and yet the churches have not been able to convert any

of them and show them that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal."

CA Worthy, But Not Unusual, Example

NOT long ago on a Sunday evening, 'about 8:30 o'clock, a member of the Church, returning from Sacrament meeting, accosted an acquaintance delivering milk. The man had been delayed through trouble with his truck and was much later than usual in finishing his work. The weather was extremely cold and unpleasant, but the milkman was cheerful. During the conversation which ensued, it developed that this hard-working man, himself a convert from England, had filled a short-term mission and had kept four boys in the mission field, two of his own sons and two of his neighbor's. Not only that, he had spent much time in doing temple work for the dead, than which no more unselfish labor can be found.

He terminated the brief conversation with a statement something like this:

"If joy and happiness could be measured with a yardstick, I would be willing to wager that no man in the world who is spending his money in a search for those things has them in the degree I have through sending missionaries into the field."

The Spirit Which Makes "Mormonism" Virile

A Few years ago a Church member called on a friend to condole with him upon the loss of his wife. The bereaved one was a poor man. His own health was far from good; he was confronted with hospital, doctor, and funeral expenses; he had two sons laboring as missionaries in Europe at a cost for the two of about \$60 monthly; but when asked the question as to whether or not he would request the release of his boys, he answered:

"No; almost the last words my wife spoke were that our sons must remain in the field until their missions are finished. I would not think of having them come home sooner."

This man in his younger days had filled a mission abroad and had been an active worker in the various organizations at home during all his life. He had learned from personal experience the great truth that we love that for which we labor.

—H. J. C.

Remembering

OCTOBER, 1930, marked the passing of one of the truly great men of the Church—Evan Stephens, and the occasion recalled to many his association with another musician—John J. McClellan. These two men are irrevocably linked in the musical history of the Church, and in the memories and hearts of the people who loved them and were inspired by the beauty of the harmonies which came into their lives through them.

Born in a small hamlet in the south of Wales, the tenth child of Latter-day Saint parents, the life of Evan Stephens might be regarded as a tithe offered the Church, for the greater part of his years and talent was given to it. Coming to Utah in 1866 he settled with his parents in Willard, Box Elder County, where he worked at whatever presented itself—as a snow shoveler, hod carrier and section foreman; but his heart was ever in music. A choir in the little town gave him outlet for his boundless musical energy, and the results soon proved his ability and sincerity. Gradually getting deeper and deeper into musical activities he was presently giving private lessons, and conducting singing classes for groups of different ages. His work with children has always been considered especially phenomenal. Something there was in the man which gave him power to impart to those with whom he came in contact some of his enthusiasm and perseverance, and under his direction glee clubs, opera organizations, choirs and choruses have reached heights of success. His superb accomplishments with the Tabernacle Choir will never be forgotten, and into the souls of many with whom he worked came a joyous understanding of music and its power for uplift which will dwell with them all ways.

President Joseph Smith said of him: “—so long as we can preserve with us Brother Stephens and others of his associates who are engaged in this glorious work of teaching music to adults and children, a desire and love for the musical will increase in the midst of our people;” and Squire Coop, himself a musician of note, once made the statement that Evan Stephens had succeeded in lifting the entire community to a higher plane of musical understanding and appreciation than it had known before.

Music was a part of the material of which the man was made, and coupled with his great gift was the determination and will to let his music outbalance every unpleasant element in his life. The melodious harmonies of blended sound thrilled his soul, and in turn his was the gift to hear and capture unwritten melodies to thrill and inspire others.

A little poem from the pen of Lucy Russell Scott speaks for all who knew and loved the man and his music:

Resting in flowers in the shade of the organ,
Hours of his service we vision through tears;
’Round him and over him, watching above him
Are crowding the children, from back through the years.

White-robed and starry-eyed, singing his antlems,
Singing the songs which he taught them to sing,
Tenderly, sweetly, rising and falling
Come the clear tones with their rhythmical swing.

“For the Strength of the Hills,” “The Songs of the Seraphs,”
“Roses and Lillies,” “O, Bright Smiling Morn,”
Sentiments true from the heart of the poet,
Melodies sweet from his genius, new-born.

He has heard the last call, he has gone with the children,
Leaving his songs for the millions to come;
Taking them with him to sing with the children—
Flooding with music the Heavenly Home.

John J. McClellan, who presided at the Tabernacle organ during many of the years in which Evan Stephens was conductor of the choir, was known and admired for his fine musicianship, and will ever be appreciated for the great cultural contribution he made to Utah and the west. A man of rarely delicate sensibilities, he seemed to put into his music much of the refinement and loftiness of his nature. His best friends said of him that his very conversation was chaste, with unclean words never passing his lips.

More retiring, perhaps, than his colleague, he made fewer personal contacts, and yet there was a personal element in the message he sent forth from the great organ, and that message reached the hearts of his listeners—as though the soul of the man spoke through his instrument. His was a great gift, and great was the use he made of it. Devoted in his service to the Church, he proclaimed its truths again and again in the “Mormon” hymns which he played so gloriously, and many strangers and skeptics, entering the portals of the great “Mormon” tabernacle to scoff, left with bowed heads and with hearts filled with awe. McClellan’s music had done for them what nothing else had ever done.

From Wisconsin has come a poem written in his memory, by Flora E. Lowry. She calls it “A Tardy Tribute,” and says:

Tread softly down the aisles today,
The organist we lay away;
Through many years his finger tips
Have helped us worship with our lips.

Today the organ shall be mute—
Where could we find a substitute
To play it as he played away?
No, no, it shall be stilled today.

What piety, fidelity,
This man of music did display;
And we, poor blind and foolish folk
To him, of love, so seldom spoke.

He gave unsparingly to all,
He answered music’s every call;
Through grief and pleasure, and through praise
He helped us in so many ways.

Tread softly down the aisles I pray,
The organist we lay away;
With silence in our church today
A tardy tribute now we pay.

John J. McClellan and Evan Stephens no longer gather in congregations to join in worship; they no longer wring from the organ mellow tones, nor lead little children in harmonious carolling; but it cannot be said that they are gone, for the melodies which once burst forth at their bidding are still singing and echoing around the universe. Because of the lives and labors of two men, the lives of countless others have been made happier, and their labors lighter. Our thanks to them, wherever they now may be. And sure we are that wherever they are, there music is.—E. T. B.

The Improvement

ERA

Vol. 34-42—No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1931

Comforting Manifestations

UPON one occasion I heard Apostle Mariner W. Merrill say he felt almost rebellious when his oldest son was taken from him by death in the vigor of manhood. Brother Merrill was spending his time in the Logan Temple. He had a large family and this son had charge of a mercantile business belonging to his father and the family. He also had several good farms and this son handled all of his father's affairs, a man of great executive ability. Brother Merrill said that while sitting in his house upon one occasion, almost rebellious in his feelings because this boy's life was not spared to him and that sufficient faith had not been exercised in administering to him while sick, he heard his son's voice as clearly as he had ever heard it while he was alive, and he said, "Father, it is very displeasing to our Heavenly Father for you to be mourning over my death. I am exactly where the Lord wants me to be and doing work that is of far greater importance than the work I would have done had I remained on earth. It is for you to be reconciled to the fact that I am where my Father in Heaven wants me to be."

Brother Merrill said of course after that he had no regrets or rebellious feelings in his heart regarding the taking away of his son.

I REMEMBER hearing Wilford Woodruff say on one occasion that he had set his heart upon his son Brigham, a young man about my own age. We were school-mates as youngsters. Away back in 1876 a picture was taken

Excerpts from Funeral Sermon
delivered recently

by

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

and sent east to the Centennial Exposition, of a dozen boys, or it may have been two dozen, and a dozen girls. You know those who are opposed to us say that in plural marriage the stock runs out intellectually, physically and morally. And these boys and girls were "horrible examples" of the products of plural marriage, of which I was the most "horrible," being the last son of the last wife. One of the boys in that picture was Brigham Woodruff, one of the finest, brightest and choicest boys I ever knew. Brother Woodruff said that all the days of his life he had acknowledged the hand of the Lord in everything which had come to him—life, death, joy, remorse, anything and everything—until he lost this boy. He said when his son Brigham drowned he felt almost rebellious about it. Finally the Lord was good enough to give to him a manifestation to the effect that he had a great work to do here—that is, Brother Woodruff—in the temples as soon as they were completed—and he did work in the temples with the assistance of his friends for thousands of his ancestors who had died without a knowledge of the Gospel. He was told by the Lord (I have forgotten whether it was in a dream or by an actual voice) that this boy of his was needed on the other side to carry the Gospel to his relatives for whom Brother Woodruff was to do the vicarious

labor in the temples when they were completed.

This reconciled Brother Woodruff to the inexplicable, though previously he could not feel satisfied regarding the loss of that boy. He said: "I had lived in

hopes that this boy would some day follow me. He was more brilliant than I am, and I hoped he might some day be one of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it was a terrible shock to me when he died. But I shall never cease to be grateful to the Lord for giving me a special manifestation to the effect that my boy had gone where he was needed more than he was needed here."

THERE were three young men who were as intimate, I think, as any three young men who ever lived could be. They were Heber J. Grant, Feramorz L. Young and Richard W. Young. Feramorz L. Young had been in the East and had been graduated with honors from the Troy Polytechnic Institute, then went on a mission to Mexico, where he died and was buried in the Gulf of Mexico. It always seemed to me a strange thing that a boy with all the education he had, who had made a wonderful success should be taken from us. At the time he was in school they were teaching that a certain problem in one of the textbooks had been worked out wrong, and they made this explanation and had it pasted in the book so that the students would not make the mistake of getting the wrong answer. Fera not only graduated with great honors along mathematical lines, but he went into this thing very carefully and showed that the professors who had made

the correction were wrong themselves and the man who wrote the book was right. This gave him a very high reputation as a mathematician. He had to fight for the Church and its doctrines all the time he was in the East. We were practicing plural marriage, and he had written a number of articles defending that principle. He was a product of plural marriage himself, and I knew he intended to enter into that order of marriage, for he had talked seriously with me about it. I thought that with his faith and knowledge, and with all the information he had gained, it was too bad he had to lay down his life while in the Lord's service.

One of my nearest and dearest friends in boyhood was Horace G. Whitney. Horace had a dream after Fera died in which the two had a conversation. Horace asked him what he was doing, and received this reply:

"I am here working, Horace, with the wayward boys and girls of the Church, who are drifting away from it, and I am trying to turn their hearts back to the truth. That is my calling, and it is of far greater importance than it would have been for me to remain upon the earth. I have a great influence with them."

I REMEMBER relating this to one of my wayward brothers who subsequently joined the Church after being out of it for very many years, and he said: "Well, if there was a boy on earth whom I respected when he was

alive that boy was Fera Young."

I do not think that Fera Young in his life ever listened to an unclean story. If anyone started to tell such a story he would excuse himself and walk away. I never heard an unchaste word uttered by him. If there ever was a clean, sweet, absolutely pure young man upon the earth, he was that young man.

When he died his mother said she could not remember a word or thought or act of his life that would bring her the least sorrow or uneasiness. There is many a mother perhaps who might say such a thing of her son, but usually if the man who without exception was the most intimate friend of that son from his boyhood up to the time of his death should tell everything he knew of him the mother could not say that. My mother could not say that of me, if others told her what I did as a youngster, but I could say it of Feramorz Young.

WHAT in the providence of the Lord is the result? Feramorz L. Young, through a special manifestation, has had two most beautiful women sealed to him. A woman came to Sister Young, his mother, with photographs of one of this lady's near and dear friends, a very beautiful woman, and said:

"Now, Mrs. Young, I do not believe a thing of what I am going to tell you. This girl friend of mine was one of

the noblest, finest, choicest kind of girls and young women that ever lived. She has come to me in this city of Salt Lake on three separate occasions at night in dreams, and has given me this information: the date of her birth, the date of her death, and all that is necessary, she says, for a record in the temple; and she has told me that your son, Feramorz L. Young, has converted her, and that in addition to converting her he has proposed marriage to her. 'I want you to go to Mrs. Young and give her this information and vouch for my honesty, virtue, integrity and upright life, and have the work done for me and have me married for eternity to her son, Feramorz L. Young.'"

THIS woman who visited Mrs. Young said: "I do not believe a word of it, but the last time this friend of mine came—which was the third time—she said, 'There is nobody in Salt Lake City who knows me and can vouch for me except you. You are the only individual that I know in Salt Lake City.'"

She said further to Mrs. Young: "I can furnish you any references you may wish regarding my character, from the place where I formerly lived. The last time this young woman came to me she said, 'You might just as well go to Mrs. Young and give her this information, because I am going to come, and come, and come, until you do it.'"

And the woman continued, "I just cannot bear to have her come again; it is so uncanny, and I do not believe a thing of it."

This beautiful girl was sealed to Brother Young, and I am convinced that my dear friend lost nothing by dying in his youth.

Thoughts on Marriage

From Address Delivered at April Conference, 1924

By GEORGE F. RICHARDS, President of the Salt Lake Temple

THERE are two kinds of marriages particularly taken note of in the statistics of the Church; one we call temple marriage, and the other civil marriage. Temple marriages, however, are civil marriages in that they comply with all the requirements of the civil law; but temple marriages have other important elements in them that the civil marriage, performed outside of the temples, have not. For instance, the individual solemnizing these temple marriages must have authority. He who holds the

keys, the president of the Church, delegates this authority to man to seal on earth and it shall be sealed in heaven, for he has received this authority and has the right to delegate it to those who are worthy, as he may elect.

We read in Matthew 18:18 the following: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

They who held that sealing and loosing power anciently visited the

Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in the spring of 1829, * * * and conferred that authority upon them, and they in turn have conferred it upon others. So these marriages in the temples are performed by those who have been thus authorized to speak for the Lord, and the individuals contracting marriage under these circumstances covenant solemnly with each other to be husband and wife for time and for all eternity, as contrasted with the civil marriage covenant 'until death do them

part." Civil marriages, after all, are, we might say, but trial marriages; it would seem so from the fact that there are so many of our Church members who accept of a civil marriage ceremony before coming to the temple, and then later come to the temple to be sealed.

I remember on one occasion a prominent non-member of the Church requested me to perform the marriage ceremony for him. He was about to marry a beautiful woman, but before the ceremony was performed he called me to one side and said: "Now, Mr. Richards, don't make this too solid. We don't know whether we will

be able to live together happily or not." That represents, I fear, the feeling of too many men and women who enter into these solemn obligations of marriage outside the Church, as compared with those who marry with the thought of never separating, of making themselves congenial, yielding here and there where it is necessary.

Then there is one other thought that I want to leave with you; brethren and sisters, we want our people to marry. It would be a serious thing in my family if I had a son or a daughter that should grow up without marrying. We

want the parents to use their influence to have their children marry and let them marry young, when the spirit of courtship and marriage is upon them, and then we want them, of course, to marry in the Church, in the right way; and when they are married they should fulfil the law which God has given, to multiply and replenish the earth. That is the thing which many, I feel, are not doing today, to the full, and it is my firm conviction that the time will come when those who are not doing their full duty will know the loss which they are sustaining, and it will be hell and torment to many of them.

Through Memory's Halls

The Life Story of
Orson F. Whitney as told by Himself

THE editors of the *Era* have had the pleasure of reading this latest work of one of Utah's most versatile writers. The charming frankness with which the author goes into many of the details of his life makes it a pleasure for the reader to accompany him, and the book is laid aside with reluctance. Incidents trivial in themselves are told in a manner so interesting as to make delightful reading—for example, the author's account of the first fish he ever caught, a speckled beauty and the only one taken by the entire group that day. He says: "Going home that night, I made a discovery—my hat didn't fit."

One finds, too, lofty and inspiring sentiments, clothed in a style which has made of their author one of the outstanding writers and speakers of the Church.

The preface to this book, "To My Children," explains the author's motive and purpose in writing it; a task in which he has employed his spare moments, including summer and winter vacations, during a period of four or five years. It covers the salient points of Elder Whitney's life from the hour of his birth up to the present time. Chapters upon ancestry entitled "The Whitneys of England" and "American Ancestors" introduce the personal narrative contained in the thirty-four chapters that follow. The *Life Story* ends with chapter thirty-six, "As Far As I Have Come;" but two more chapters ensue upon "What Others Have Said" and "More About the Family." A poem, "The Whitney Family," by

Richard L. Carey completes the volume.

The work, as a mechanical product of Zion's Printing and Publishing Company, Independence, Missouri, is clearly printed and handsomely bound, having for a frontispiece a central portrait of Bishop Whitney (for Bishop he will always be called) after an earthly experience of seventy-five years, fifty-four of which have been spent as a preacher and teacher of the Gospel, both by tongue and pen. Surrounding the large portrait, beneath which is the author's autograph, are six smaller portraits, presenting the subject (1) As a child of four years, (2) As an amateur actor, (3) As a young missionary, (4) As a Ward Bishop, (5) A State Senator, and (6) An Apostle. The cover of the book is a beautiful feature in itself, containing in gold letters upon a dark-green background and in the author's own handwriting, the title and an embossed emblem symbolizing oratory and literature, the main pursuits to which Bishop Whitney's life has been devoted.

Hon. Heber M. Wells, formerly Governor of Utah and now Treasurer of the U. S. Shipping Board Merchant Fleet Corporation, writes from Washington, D. C., to Bishop Whitney as follows:

"Dear Or:

"I cannot say enough in appreciation of your autobiography—your life story as told by yourself. First I sort of skimmed it to pick out the high spots and now I am reading it *seriatim et literatim*. I speak the truth when I say that to me it is the most engrossingly interesting book I ever read.

"It tells refreshingly anew many of

the incidents of your life which are familiar to me from long association with you and many other events I knew nothing about. How you could have mastered so prodigious a test of memory and set it down in such entrancing detail I cannot fathom. Yet here it is in an excellent volume which came to me with your compliments.

"Sentiment, pathos, humor, all abound in your book, and because of the excellence of its composition and diction, and, moreover, because the threads of the narrative are so closely woven about yourself and my dearest friends of long ago, I am not only delighted but enthralled by its perusal.

"It is needless to say I am proud of your friendship and affection, and I offer you my most profound thanks for the best Christmas present I expect to get. Let me add that if your other friends get as much genuine pleasure out of your life's story as I do, you should feel amply compensated for the trouble and expense it must have cost you.

"As ever,
"Heeb."

This book is not only an autobiography. It is largely a history of the Eighteenth Ward, over which Bishop Whitney presided for nearly twenty-eight years. It also tells much about Utah and about the European Mission, where, as an Apostle, he subsequently presided, and relates many interesting experiences of his while visiting the various missions of the Church in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

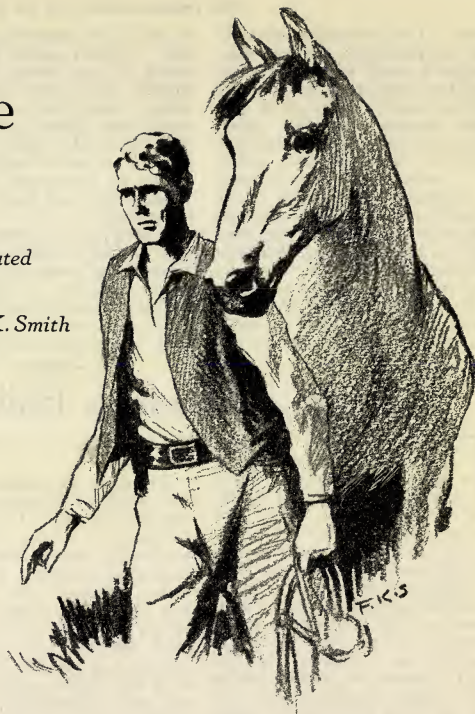
This work has been issued with no thought of gain, and is not on sale at any book store. But any friend desiring a copy or copies can obtain them at the very reasonable price of two dollars each, by communicating personally or by letter with the author, whose address is L. D. S. Church Offices, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Without Malice

By
IDA STEWART PEAY

[Editors' note: This is a true story. "Jackson" was A. J. Stewart, of Benjamin, Utah, grandfather of Ida Stewart Peay, the author.]

Illustrated
by
Fielding K. Smith



"He turned in alarm to look in the direction of the wagon."

JACKSON, seventeen, rose tall and loose jointed from the breakfast table; he ruffled his red, curly hair belligerently, but the "last word" which he had to contribute to the matter under discussion he said to himself.

"Thinking you'd rather be beat than beat anyone," he argued, "is not what I call a moral sentiment; it's—a—well, a feeling of self-righteousness—you want to admire yourself." He chuckled at his own "wise crack" as he clumped out to the stables in his heavy boots, and he winked one of his keen blue eyes slowly while finishing his idea in a youthful boast, "No one is going to 'do' me—not while I'm conscious, by cracky."

He made these observations to himself lest his mother give him a bit of a talk on wholesale good will, keeping one's honor bright and that sort of stuff. The Mater was a wonderful person, none better, but, of course—. Women were like that, no doubt.

IT was almost immediately after hitching up his team and starting on his journey that Jackson came upon the two young men. He was driving along the road and they were almost in the middle of the highway, sitting on their home-made, leather-hinged trunks; it looked as though they might have been dumped there.

"Mighty queer," Jackson muttered to himself and had a premonition right then that here was probably trouble for him. Nevertheless, he stopped his team sociably—he was curious, and interested, and human contact was scarce in the wilds of newly settled Illinois.

"What'll you take to haul us into town?" one of the wayfarers

asked with a grin; the sort of grin—Jackson noted—that holds something back, as though you would not understand if told, or, as though this did not concern such as you.

JACKSON dismissed his idle speculations as quickly as he could and looking the young men over recognized them as neighbors of his living about forty miles to the south; they had been at the county-seat once or twice when he was there. Swiftly he realized that he needed a little ready cash very much; also, that as he was on his way to do a couple of days ploughing at the upper farm and was provided with his blankets as well as provisions for that length of time, he could conveniently make the trip and merely be two days later with his farm work. The season was well advanced and he might lose by it; still he decided to take the chance. There-

fore, he named a figure he considered compatible with the distance and the day and age and waited their pleasure—the time was 1840; place, the road to Springfield.

His terms must have been highly pleasing, for the young men jumped to their feet with alacrity, lifted their trunks into the back of Jackson's rough lumber wagon and sat themselves down upon them with sighs of relief.

Jackson clucked to his team and the journey was begun. Immediately the young teamster began planning to himself how he would spend the money thus earned; a few dollars in cash seemed a fortune, and there were so many places they were needed a wise decision was imperative.

AFTER jogging along for a considerable distance he became conscious of an unwonted sound which he might have been

hearing for some time without noticing; after listening more attentively he fancied it was laughter, not very loud—in fact sort of suppressed—but undoubtedly gleeful. The wagon bumping and groaning along in the deep ruts of the road prevented him from determining just what did come to his ears, but he turned around to look at his passengers questioning-ly.

The two young men hurriedly drew their faces into sober lines and held them so by force of their wills apparently; but their eyes twinkled with a merriment denied expression.

Jackson said: "What's—eating you?"

"Hey?" one of them put his hand behind his ear pretending not to hear.

"You're making good time," the other commended brightly and irrelevantly, yelling louder than was necessary.

Then both were innocently, too innocently, silent.

JACKSON gave his attention to his team again, but with a feeling of dissatisfaction. "What's the matter with those fellows?" he asked himself.

However, it was a bright fall day, the fields were still green, the air was exhilarating, birds pirouetted in the sky, giving occasional heart-stirring calls, and Jackson naturally vibrated joyously to all the delicious life; it caused him at length to forget, almost, his disconcerting passengers.

But presently some more queer sounds floated his way again. Involuntarily his head swung round; he faced his passengers once more. This time he could almost have sworn that those young men were laughing until he turned; but, as before they straightened and sobered so quickly he could not be sure. His face began to burn. Were they making fun of him?—His red hair, or something? If so he would throw them out and beat them up.

There never was such a long morning, but finally the sun was directly over head and the young driver stopped for noon. After taking care of his team he shared some of his provisions with his fellow travelers. He did it with rather poor grace because the youths

still seemed full of unaccountable merriment.

IN the early afternoon the travelers reached Springfield. They came to a stop on a public camping plot lying behind a block of business houses in the lower end of town. A trifle regretful that in his abstraction he had unduly urged his team, Jackson's first thought was to take care of them. He hopped off his wagon, reins in



hand, unhooked the horses, drove them to the water trough. To facilitate their drinking he removed their bridles and patted their necks with approval as he allowed them to drink sparingly.

Suddenly as though warned by the all-seeing subconscious mind, he turned in alarm to look in the direction of the wagon that he had left some twenty yards behind him. His glance was just in time to catch sight of his passengers stealing stealthily towards the buildings on the other half of the camping lot.

"Hey!" Jackson yelled amazed and furious. "Come back—you haven't paid your fares!"

"We didn't promise to pay you anything!" one of them called back, grinning mischievously. "Now, did we? And if we didn't promise to pay, you can't collect."

The other bowed politely, in an exaggerated mocking way, and said something meaning—if translated into modern slang—"Thanks for the buggy ride."

Both men began laughing again with hilarious amusement.

"Stop! You cheats!" yelled Jackson, his face as red as his hair in his anger. "Or I'll—." More words were useless. Not daring to leave his horses thus half harnessed, Jackson hastily re-bridled

them, grumbling savagely to himself the while, and tied them to his wagon. Then he went in mad haste after his delinquent fares. He searched in all the business houses in that block, inspected the alleys and out-buildings, and made what inquiries he dared, even telling his story to a few who seemed kindly disposed, but his late passengers were as lost as if they had been annihilated. Jackson just about wished they had met that awful fate.

HE wasted no more time hunting for them, though, or making ill wishes, but returned to his wagon, hitched up his team, and drove around into the center of the city. This was the first time he had visited the growing town of Springfield. He had intended to walk independently, unconcernedly, even nonchalantly around the streets, making no inquiries and giving the impression that he was native born; instead he was now compelled to ask questions of everyone he met so all would know he was a backwoodsman. This disappointing thought increased his indignation towards the young men immeasurably. In his impotent rage he ground his teeth together. He would put those fellows in jail and prosecute them to the full extent of the law.

"I'll find a lawyer first to advise me," he vowed to himself; "and then, by cracky, I'll put them through to the limit. I'll get the whole police force on their trails and then we'll see!"

After many inquiries he was at last directed to a location where a lawyer was said to have an office. Jackson found the place and was fortunate enough to meet a man just coming out of the door.

"Are you the lawyer holding forth here?" he asked of him.

The man nodded, looking attentively at the questioner with keen but kindly eyes.

JACKSON burst into a wrathful tirade as he related the crafty trick his late passengers had played upon him. He laid stress on the way the young men had seemed to be laughing up their sleeves at their cleverness.

"And I must have my money," said Jackson to the lawyer, rancor-

[Continued on page 195]

FACING LIFE

By

DR. ADAM S. BENNION

THE courage to *face death* heroically has been featured all across the page of history. And yet the ability to *face life* may be a far more meaningful achievement.

When tomorrow's work is done, try walking home. But don't go alone. Take along a friend—preferably someone thirty or forty years your senior. On the way home lead him to discuss with you the outstanding events of his life and the forces which have made of him what he now is. Ascertain whether or not he is happy. Do you consider him a success? Why?

You can't find such a friend? Then choose one out of fancy. Walk home with yourself grown thirty years older. He's waiting for you just around the corner from your office building.

Call to him out of tomorrow and frankly *face life* together. It will be one of the most valuable strolls you ever took.

YOU, friend and patron of the *Era*, are one of the Church's finest assets. We boast our vast expanse of empire—our mineral wealth—our crops—our herds—our wonderlands—what promise have we in our youth? To what potentialities in *man power* can the Church lay claim? That query strikes at the heart of her future as does no other.

Life, after all, is a wonderful gift. So wonderful that it often eludes our contemplation. Just to be is our greatest heritage; to achieve smacks of divinity. You are unique in all the universe—nothing else just like you. You hold one exclusive patent, a copyrighted personality. It is yours to do with as you choose. What will you make of it?

Do you *face life* with all her experiences, or do they merely overtake you—perhaps pass you by?

It would be interesting if you could walk home with two selves grown older. One, as you will be; one, as you might have been. Life decrees there can be but

Author's Note:

Some time ago, I was asked to write a series of articles which should feature fundamental considerations in the adequate preparation of young men and women for a place in the sun. *Facing Life* seemed to be a title rich in significance. When the introductory article had been printed, plans were changed so that it became inadvisable to continue the series.

Questions which came in from readers of that first article indicate a genuine interest in the matter of intelligent vocational guidance. It is now my pleasure to write this series for the *Era*. Readers are at liberty to send in their own problems which will be given personal consideration in an attempt to fit answers into their natural sequence as these articles are unfolded.

one. How will old age greet you?

Or, if old age puts the matter off too far, how are you getting on now? What are your prospects during the next few years?

ALMOST every day these questions are brought clearly into the mind of the writer in an attempt to offer suggestions to some one to whom they are altogether real and vital. Invariably such a person expresses regret that he couldn't have seen through his experience before he had to live through its consequences.

These articles are being written in the hope that they may lead their readers to a little more

thoughtful analysis of their future. What preparations are they now making against developments which will lead to disappointment and monotonous routine? Circumstances crowd around us so fast that all too frequently they cut off our view of the thoroughfare into which our little lane might lead.

ONLY yesterday a judge in a city court advised a young couple seeking a divorce to go back home long enough to look at life before throwing it away. One more case of hurried romance! The flash of an eye—a proposal—an acceptance—an out-of-town marriage—no pause to “chew the matrimonial cud,” no time to *face life* as affected by the greatest choice two people ever make. Of course everyone knows the force of “love at first sight” and everyone knows of happy homes built upon following its impulse, but most homes can more safely be built upon a foundation of careful analysis.

Most young men prefer to raise for themselves such questions as:

1. Has she health? So much reserve is called for in home building.
2. Has she an attitude such that she will bring cheeriness to her daily tasks?
3. Does she love children?
4. Has she managerial ability?
5. Has she given her intelligence such direction that she will concern herself with the durable satisfactions of life?
6. Will she team with me as we build for our future independence?

Young women may well turn over such queries as:

1. Has he sound moral principles?
2. Is he considerate?
3. Has he ambition?
4. Has he the stuff out of which a future can be built?
5. Is he definitely following a program toward the achievement of that future?
6. Is he thrifty?



THE AUTHOR

7. Has he a fine sense of spiritual values?

8. Would I be proud of him as the father of my children?

This is not a chapter on marriage. It is but an illustration from a field in which failure really to *face life* leads to failure in so many ways vital to civilization.

How many young men spend their lives at work which they have deliberately chosen and for which they have made painstaking preparation? How many find themselves tired of school or piqued by lack of money only to take the *one job that chanced to be available*?

Is it practicable for a young man to set out to prepare for a given line of work? How may he know what he is best fitted to do? How may he discover his limitations?

WHETHER or not these questions can be fully answered, one of the most hopeful signs in a young man's life lies in the fact that he has raised them for himself and is consciously seeking their answer.

Let us conclude this introduc-

tory article by considering an actual situation in which a young man of eighteen recently found himself in Southeastern Utah. He had completed high school but felt that he could not afford to go to college. His high school course had been a general one so that it furnished no special train-

vest the crops—but now an eighteen year old young man looked for bigger opportunities. It is clear that on the present bases of operations thirty-two acres of land is not enough to challenge three vigorous young men. What is the wise course for the subject of this conversation to follow?

Should he borrow money and go to college?

Should he and his father undertake a more intensive cultivation of the farm?

Would it be wise to add to the livestock?

Could poultry be made a successful business?

Should he leave the farm and go to work in a nearby mine to "make a start?" or should he "go to town?"

How would you undertake to answer such questions?

Certain basic principles underlie an intelligent analysis of such life-problems. These articles will attempt to lay out those principles—will attempt to establish a procedure helpful to all readers with the genius and the courage to *Face Life*.

Editors' Note:

Dr. Adam Samuel Bennion, one of the brightest and best known of young writers and speakers of this community, is a western product, having been born within a few miles of Salt Lake City. He has taken degrees from the U. of U., Columbia University and the University of California. He has occupied prominent positions in local schools and universities, for nine years was superintendent of L. D. S. schools, and at present is Director of Personnel, Utah Power and Light Co. We urge our readers to submit their vocational problems to Dr. Bennion at 604 Kearns Bldg., Salt Lake City. It is an exceptional opportunity for perplexed people and one which they cannot afford to miss.

ing for a gainful occupation. He was one of a family of five children, three boys and two girls. His father owned and worked a farm of thirty-two acres, planted almost wholly into grain and alfalfa. He kept a half-dozen head of cows and a few pigs. The boys had helped during the summer months to care for and har-

WITHOUT MALICE

[Continued from page 193]

ous at having to confess to being duped, and at imagining the guying he would get at home when the incident was known—because of his laughing at his mother that morning for allowing a neighbor to worst her in a deal and started the argument about whether it was better to "beat" anyone or be "beaten." "And I want to make it mighty hot for those robbers," he went on vehemently to the lawyer, "Mighty hot! Only I can't pay you for your services until they settle with me." He made this part clear as a point of honor.

"Oh,——" said the man off-hand-like breaking into a slow smile that lighted his deep set eyes—so the boy thought—with a marvelous light, "that's all right. But, I believe we can fix this matter up satisfactorily for all," concerned with—"without malice."

Jackson stared at the man blankly.

"Is that their baggage on your wagon?" the lawyer asked pointing as he spoke.

Jackson stared and looked embarrassed, but he nodded wonderingly—he had forgotten about those leather-hinged, blue stained trunks. Anyway, they were probably worthless since the owners had abandoned them; unless they had done it to bluff him and make him dump them.

"How did they come to leave them?" the lawyer asked.

"Guess they expected to get 'em tonight. I told them where I was going to camp."

"Pawn the trunks for the amount of the fare due," said the lawyer after a moment of reflection. "If the young men want their luggage later they can redeem it for the price of their ride—they are probably poor farmer lads without funds looking for winter jobs in the city. Then they will be in no way injured, I'll ask no fee for such simple advice, and you'll have your money and the last laugh." The man chuckled with good-natured amusement as he made a comprehensive gesture indicating that all was well; and

there was in his face that which evinced love and good will, and tolerant humor towards all men. "There's the pawn shop," he finished, pointing it out on the opposite side of the street.

Jackson grinned sheepishly; he felt ashamed of his petty vindictiveness before this strange, wonderful man—maybe the Mater's ideas were not so bad; this man's seemed to be the same. For the first time Jackson took a good look at his adviser. He was the tallest, almost the homeliest, and yet the pleasantest looking man the boy had ever seen. Jackson trusted him fully; he felt a warm surge of friendship towards him; he would never forget his rugged, kindly face. Somehow he was glad that he himself had not "beat" anyone.

"Thanks," Jackson stammered humbly and with a new and strange emotion, "thanks Mr.—a—" he had forgotten to ask the lawyer's name.

"Lincoln," supplied the man laconically, "Abe Lincoln."

POETRY

Today

By LaRene King Bleacher

THOUGH I couldn't smile today—
But I did!
I smiled a forced and crooked smile,
Kept it up and walked a mile,
Thinking laughter all the while,
I'm glad I smiled.

Thought I couldn't sing today—
But I did!
I sang a sobbing, halting lay,
A lark took up the roundelay,
Strange how the world seemed sudden gay,
I'm glad I sang.

Thought I couldn't serve today,
But there was need.
A friend was ill and tired and sad.
A gift—a flower—'twas all I had.
But suddenly the world was glad,
I'm glad I served.

His Handiwork

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

A QUIET splendor on my walls,
A golden leaf, a tassel tall,
A low, low whisper in the breeze,
Way off, a drone from latent bees,
Blue haze for dreams that rise and call—
And I thank God for glorious fall!

A shudder high in giant trees,
A blasting finger in the breeze,
A sudden blinding of the sun,
A snow white blanket just begun—
I reach my hands into the sky—
"Thank him for winter," now I cry!

A sweet, low piping down the hill,
A greenness by a waking rill,
A bursting bud and swelling bark,
A rush of joy from meadow lark,
A reaching forth to warmth and light—
Thank God for Spring's awakening might!

A berry in a green, green bed,
Tall poppies cloaked in daring red,
Long shoots of grass and lacy bow'rs,
Diamond decked with dew and flowers,
A mountain peak—a shaft of blue!
A human heart! What God can do!

Alone

By Ida R. Alldredge

AMONG the throng of thousands
Who surge the city mart
Mid high and low in station
I stand alone—apart.

Unheralded, unsought for;
Unheeded is my quest
Man presses ever forward—
Wists not my soul's unrest.

Oh take me back to homefolks
Though humble be my hearth,
Where hand clasps hand in friendship
And takes me at my worth.



Valentines

By L. E. Flack

VALENTINES of greeting, when the
snow is on the ground;
Each a message bright and cheery, with
the tissue wrapped around.
Rosy cards of sweet remembrance when
the icy air is chill,
And the snowflakes lie in patches on the
meadow, field and hill.

Beauty in the regal splendor of the ancient
valentine,
And the friendship that lies hidden in
the greeting of a line.
Red hearts tied with dainty ribbons;
Cupid with his slender dart,
'Round the year their cheery greetings are
reflected in my heart.

Afterglow

By Margaret F. Smith

AH! The still beauty of that night—
So still—that a soft breath touched
my cheek,
Come from the silvery wings of a moth
That glided by.

And the lake—lay motionless,
As though under the spell
Of the silent splendour of the moon.

And as I stood there—
Surrounded by tranquility and beauty,
All eloquent of a paintbrush
Wielded by a divine Artist—

I was caught
By his intangible spirit of love.
And it seemed as though again
From somewhere in the softness of the
heavens—
The echo of the angels singing
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Roads

By Grace Ingles Frost

ROADS that lead to everywhere stretch
onward through tomorrows,
Roads ablush with joyousness and roads
world-old with sorrows,
Roads like silver ribbons winding 'round
and through the hills,
Reaching up to dizzy heights where
craven impulse fills
The soul with cringing fearfulness lest
there a step might slip,
And where feet shod with courage are
prone to lightly trip;
Roads that lead to everywhere await for
you and me,
Straight roads and curved roads—and
what may their end be?

Life

By Claire Stewart Boyer

MAN goes so hopefully to unknown
lands,
He trusts so faithfully in shifting sands,
And clings so willingly to silver strands,
We wonder why;

Untried, unknown—how great
The lure of change and fate,
We hope and dream and wait
Until we die.

If we but found ourselves a vital part
Of life, if we but lent a ready heart,
And made our plan resplendent from the
start,
We need not sigh.

With wisdom from small things,
With joy that service brings,
With faith that works and sings,
We mount on high.

Back Home in The Rockies

By Mark Hart

I MISS the snowy peaks, the icy crags,
That feed the lustrous brook with
crystal dew,
And lend the silver glow and cooling
grace,
The glassy flow that's soothing to the
heart.

I miss the meadows cut with fragrant hay,
The lark at nest, whose breast is
filled with fear,
The mouse at play along the clovered
edge
In solitude, throughout the harvest day.

I miss at night the cricket's ringing air,
A luring rhythm filled with tenderness,
With slumber's care, though one may feel
depressed,
In deep despair, to rest he's lulled away.

FOODS *for* HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

Foods for Happiness

THERE is an old rhyme that proclaims February the saddest and dreariest of the months—a month of dark days—of forlorn hopes—of lingering winter. But the poem ends with the assurance that even here the law of compensation holds good, since this saddest of months is “shortest and nearest the spring.”

The dreariness must be entirely a matter of weather because this short month is crowded with holidays—and holiday spells festivity. There should be no time spent bemoaning dark days where so many opportunities are offered for enjoyment. St. Valentine's day, Washington's birthday and Lincoln's birthday are all occasions that suggest a party.

NOW the very nicest place to have a party is in the home, but many of us make such hard work of having friends in, that it becomes a task rather than a pleasure. All of us are at our best when we play, and so we should frequently put aside dull care and indulge in some form of social activity—and this activity should be so simple and easily arranged that everybody will enjoy it—even the hostess.

Home Entertainment

THE easiest form of home entertainment is an *Afternoon Tea*—which is the name of a social function and doesn't mean that tea is to be served. It merely means that a group of friends is invited to come in, informally, for a chat and some light refreshments. The group may be large or small depending on the size of the house and the amount of china and silver available. Under no consideration should a larger number be invited than can be comfortably accommodated.

The refreshments are usually served in the living room from a small table beside the fire, in winter, and on the porch or lawn in



summer. If the group is large the service may be arranged on the dining room table, but this makes it rather formal.

Everything should be made ready beforehand and the food placed where it is readily accessible, as the guests come and go at their pleasure and are served as soon as they come in.

IN cold weather a hot drink of some kind is offered, with a daintily made sandwich and a bit of cake or a cookie—olives, nuts and candies may be added if desired. The time set is usually late afternoon, near the dinner hour, so that a nice diversion is to serve a cup of hot bullion or clam broth with a canape and thus not spoil the appetite for dinner. In hot weather either fruit-punch or iced drinks are served. Ices, too, are refreshing and when accompanied with cakes and candies are quite sufficient for a hot afternoon.

Simple entertainment of this sort affords an opportunity for friends to meet under pleasant circumstances and calls for no great effort on the part of the hostess. A formal affair is quite a different matter. It is usually given in honor of some visiting guest or a friend who is leaving the city. A large number of people are in-

vited, the whole house is thrown open, and elaborate preparations are necessary—with plenty of help both in the kitchen and dining room during the tea hours. But even at a large affair of this kind only simple refreshments should be served.

Informal Luncheons

A LUNCHEON requires more effort on the part of the hostess and the guest accepts the invitation as more of a compliment.

If the luncheon is served without help, a great deal of thought and planning are necessary if it is to go off smoothly.

A hostess must do more than furnish the food. She must extend a gracious welcome to the guests, attend to the introductions and direct the conversation. In order that she may be free to do this, the service must be planned and the food prepared before the guests arrive.

Menu

THE menu must be carefully selected, as there cannot be too many courses or too many hot dishes. Over-elaborate menus are not only difficult to manage but they often give the guests the feeling that the preparation has been a strain on the hostess and thereby detract from the enjoyment of the occasion. Three courses can be cooked and served by one person, but two courses are better, as this permits of the main part of the meal being placed on the table before the guests are seated. No woman can serve nicely or be a charming hostess if her thoughts are on the food she has cooking in the kitchen.

Serving

THE food may be arranged on individual plates in the kitchen and then placed before each guest,

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God's Fatherly Mercy and Love

TWO most outstanding features of "Mormonism's" message to the world are, that it emphasizes the love, mercy and justice of God, and that it dignifies men as the spirit offspring of him.

No other religious conceptions exert a more stupendous or far reaching influence on the development of human character.

In articles under the title "Abominable Creeds" appearing in recent issues of the *Era*, it has been clearly shown that for centuries prior to the introduction, a hundred years ago, of the latter-day Gospel message, Christian preachers, of all denominations, had been teaching doctrines which portrayed Deity as nothing short of a merciless monster. Robert G. Ingersoll said to the religious teachers even of his day, "You have made your God the keeper of an endless penitentiary and have deprived him of the pardoning power." God is humanity's highest ideal, and assuredly inestimable harm has resulted to the race from teachings that he consigned all but a small fraction of mankind to endless torments which exceed, beyond all conception, the deadliest agony which the mortal body can endure on earth.

It is the purpose of this article to compare teachings revealed through the latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, with the man-made creeds already referred to.

Endless Punishment Defined

IN a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, even before the Church was organized, the following passage occurs:

"For, behold, the mystery of Godliness, how great is it! For, behold, I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand, is endless punishment; for Endless is my name: wherefore—

"Eternal punishment is God's punishment."

"Endless punishment is God's punishment." (Doc. and Cov. 19:10-12.)

How completely these few words sweep away the error taught for centuries that the torments of all sinners should of necessity be

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endless in duration. Brigham Young said: "They (the wicked) will receive accountability as their deeds have been while in the body. God's punishment is eternal, but that does not prove that a wicked person will remain eternally in a state of punishment."

Infant Salvation

THE old creeds, Catholic and Protestant, declared unbaptized infants to be lost along with the wicked. In a revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1830, we read:

"But, behold, I say unto you, that little children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through mine Only Begotten:

"Wherefore, they cannot sin, for power is not given unto Satan to tempt little children, until they begin to become accountable before me." (Doc. and Cov. 29:46-47.)

IN that most impressive prayer of the Savior's, already referred to this afternoon, he says, speaking of his Apostles, "These are in the world," and then adds these significant words, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." This is in harmony with the teachings of the Book of Mormon, as recorded in the 42nd chapter of the Book of Alma, where it is explained why the children of God are here in this world; viz., to mingle with the sons of men, to gain an experience that will bring them back to God; but not to partake of the sins of the world. The Savior said to his Apostles on the same evening that he offered that beautiful prayer, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." Going soon to meet his Father, he admonished them to follow his example, praying not that God should take them out of the world, but that he should keep them from evil.

—Elder David O. McKay,
General Conference, October, 1911.

In the eighth chapter of the writings of Moroni in the Book of Mormon is a very clear discussion of this subject. The prophet explains that baptism is for remission of sin, that little children are not capable of committing sin, that "the curse of Adam is taken from them in Christ" and therefore "awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he hath no baptism."

Regarding the Heathen

AS to the heathen we read in Section 45 of the Doctrine and Covenants, verse 54: "Then, shall the heathen nations be redeemed, and they that knew no law shall have part in the first resurrection; and it shall be tolerable for them." Similar teachings occur in several passages in the Book of Mormon. This doctrine is also consistent with these words of the Christ:

"And that servant, which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." (Luke 12:47-48.)

The doctrine that only a very few of the human family will be saved implies that Satan will be victorious in bringing the vast majority under his dominion. "Mormonism" teaches that Christ will be victor, and that but a very few of the souls of men will be completely lost. Such doctrine is made especially clear in the glorious seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. The following quotation on this point is from Brigham Young:

"All men, excepting those who sin against the Holy Ghost, who shed innocent blood or who consent thereto, will be saved in some kingdom; for in my Father's house, says Jesus, are many mansions. * * * Jesus will bring forth, by his own redemption, every son and daughter of Adam, except the sons of perdition who will be cast into hell. Others will suffer the wrath of God—will suffer all the Lord can demand at their hands, or justice can require of them; and when they have suffered the

wrath of God till the utmost farthing is paid, they will be brought out of prison. Is this dangerous doctrine to preach? Some consider it dangerous; but it is true that every person who does not sin away the day of grace, and become an angel of the devil, will be brought forth to inherit a kingdom of glory." (Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 584-585.)

President Joseph F. Smith, from his great generous heart expresses the hope that even Judas after paying the penalty for his sin may be forgiven.

"I prefer, until I know better, to take the merciful view that he (Judas) may be numbered among those for whom the blessed Master prayed. 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!'" (Gospel Doctrine, p. 547.)

Punishment for Sin

WE believe that wilful violation of law or rejection of God's word will result in severe punishment, and that for some few who shall continue to resist the divine will there may be everlasting punishment.

In the Book of Mormon we read:

"Behold, and fear, and tremble before God for ye ought to tremble; for the Lord redeemeth none such that rebel against him and die in their sins; yea, even all those that have perished in their sins ever since the world began, that have wilfully rebelled against God, that have known the commandments of God, and would not keep them; these are they that have no part in the first resurrection. Therefore ought ye not to tremble? For salvation cometh to none such; for the Lord hath redeemed none such; yea, neither can the Lord redeem such." (Mosiah 15:26-27.)

Speaking of the wicked who shall not be eternally lost Joseph F. Smith says:

"Then there is the banishment of the transgressor (not the sons of perdition) into the prison house, a place of punishment, with no exaltation, no increase, no dominion, no power, whose inhabitants after their redemption may become servants of them that have obeyed the laws of God and kept the faith. That will be the punishment of such as reject the truth, but sin not unto death." (Gospel Doctrine, p. 569.)

Hope Beyond the Grave

WE do not believe that "the doom of everlasting damnation is passed irreversibly at death on all who die in a state of sin," but it is our faith that divine love and mercy will reach out to the repentant soul even beyond the

THE Latter-day Saints have been charged with great literalness, with astounding simplicity, and as one critic put it to me, with a brutal materiality, in their doctrine. We acknowledge the charge in the sense in which it was meant, although we may object to some of the adjectives. The Latter-day Saints are just so simple-minded that they are willing to believe the Lord when he speaks, and take him at his word. We rejoice in the hope and the assurance of a glorious resurrection. We rejoice in the work that was inaugurated at that first Easter period, for and in behalf of the dead. For while the body of the Christ lay in the tomb, as we learn beyond question, his spirit went to the spirits in prison, to those who were held in bonds because of their disobedience, to those who had not been privileged to learn of the redeeming efficacy of the Gospel; and he introduced and inaugurated there a missionary labor that has been going on ever since—a missionary work compared with which that which we attempt to do here upon earth, with our two thousand missionaries out in the field, is not even as a drop compared to the ocean. Men are needed for missionary service among the dead. Who are the dead but those who once have lived? God is Lord of both living and the dead; and all live unto him. If it be true that the man who is now living cannot hope to enter into the Kingdom of God unless he complies with the simple law and requirement laid down by the author of our salvation, namely, that we must be born of water and of the spirit, that applies equally to each and everyone of the uncounted myriads who have lived and passed beyond. The doctrine of salvation for the dead came as a revelation to the earth. It had to be made known anew; for while it had been known of old, it, like many other of the saving doctrines of the Gospel, had been lost sight of and forgotten.

—Elder James E. Talmage,
General Conference, April, 1912.

grave. This doctrine holds a conspicuous place in "Mormon" theology and is, moreover, fully justified by biblical scriptures.

The Master himself declared as we read in John 5:28, 29: "The hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves shall hear his (the Son of God's) voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." (In place of the word

"damnation" the Revised Version uses the word "judgment"). Peter tells us of the fulfillment of his Master's promise in that "He (Christ) went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah." (1 Peter 3:18). And further: "For, this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." (1 Peter 4:6).

Baptism for the Dead

MOREOVER, Paul makes a clear reference to a custom in the church of his day of baptizing the living for the dead. "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead." The efforts that have been made to evade the obvious meaning of this passage are interesting. The explanation most often used by the commentators is that Paul referred to a practice known to exist in certain heretical sects of his day and hence did not say "why are we," or "why are you then baptized for the dead," but said "why are they." At first this explanation sounds plausible, but when the entire chapter is studied it becomes ridiculous. Paul, throughout the chapter, is presenting an argument for the resurrection of the dead, and if the above interpretation is adopted this part of his argument becomes: Baptism for dead is purposeless unless there be a resurrection, certain followers of false doctrines baptize for the dead, hence there must be a resurrection. Can we think that Paul was guilty of so absurd an argument?

"Mormonism" teaches that the essential ordinance of baptism may be performed vicariously by the living for and in behalf of the dead who have been denied this privilege in the flesh; the efficacy of the ordinance being dependent upon the acceptance or rejection of the Gospel plan in the spirit world by the one in whose behalf the baptism is performed.

A further article will discuss man's kinship with God and with Jesus Christ, also the effects on human life and character of the views herein contrasted.

An Epidemic of Happiness

An Index to a Happy Life for Youth and Adult Alike.

AN epidemic of happiness! Our harbor filling with ships returning to us laden with rich offerings from the Cornucopia of life! Ships, which, years ago perhaps, we sent out quietly in prayerful helpfulness to others even in accord with the philosophy, "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame!"

For, happily, the seeking and finding of happiness for ourselves and others is within our grasp, the natural means to that end can be appropriated with an interesting variety of immediate results.

Let's get the right viewpoint of things and things will begin to happen.

A WRITER friend of mine defines "appreciation" as "getting the right view-point;" "putting the right value upon;" so that if we appreciate a man or his work, we have the right viewpoint of that man and his work; we put the right value upon him and his work—in other words, we understand him.

To illustrate: When my friend published articles on appreciation, many of his readers wrote him in appreciation of the happiness his writings had brought them. One young man (right in spirit, if not in letter) wrote him as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"I want to thank you for your writings on appreciation, forgiveness, kindness, courtesy, cooperation, etc.; they have helped me so much and changed me so; why, before I read your articles I felt so mean and hateful toward my uncle, that, if he had died, I wouldn't have attended his funeral; but, now, since being acquainted with your teachings I am so greatly changed that I am perfectly willing to attend his funeral any time!"

A few years ago the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* carried a full-page ar-

ticle about a Cleveland man, the article entitled: "Why I Am the Happiest Man in Ohio."

THE present writer called up the subject of the sketch, offered him a friendly challenge by stating: "You are *not* 'the happiest man in Ohio' because I am." The friendly banter led to a felicitous friendship, bubbling with joy and humor.

We are all familiar with the children's game of tag. "Tag! you're it!" A boy "tags" the boy nearest him, and that boy, the one next to him, etc., and such is life.

We are tagged by the impressions we receive, and we pass them along. "Tag! you're it!" and perhaps the tag you receive one morning is a gross insult from the street car conductor whose wife scolded him severely, and when you don't clamber aboard the car fast enough to suit, he yells out at you: "Come on, move along there! Think we're going to wait all day?"

"Tag, you're it!" Your indignation rises, but you pride yourself on your self-possession. You will not bandy words; but the resentment remains. The very self-restraint you practice causes your usual smile to be missing that morning when you enter your office. The hammering of the riveting machine on the steel framework of a building a block away, which yesterday you did not notice, today gets on your nerves. Before noon you have taken your stenographer severely to task for some slight error in transcribing her shorthand notes.

"Tag, you're it!" You are passing the irritation along!

Your stenographer feels humiliated and sore. She goes to lunch

By

KENYON WADE

Author of "Contentment,"
"The Presence of Peace."

with her chum that noon, but when they return they are not on speaking terms.

The conductor's wife that morning "tagged" her husband with anger; he in turn had "tagged" you; you in turn had "tagged" your stenographer, and she, too, was passing the impressions along!

Four lives made miserable that day, all because a disgruntled wife scolded her husband that morning!

A NUMBER of years ago the newspapers loudly lauded the man who introduced such negative notices as: "The public will confer a favor by reporting any discourtesy on the part of our employees!"

The writer is well acquainted with that man. One day a street car conductor came into this friend's office and told a sad story. He said he had always tried to be polite, but had temporarily lost control of his temper when a passenger with a well developed grouch had accosted him. He resented it, retorted in kind, was reported, discharged, and was without work. This misfortune brought on others. Because of lack of money, his wife had been confined with only the services of a cheap mid-wife, and mother and child both had died. His home was broken up. His oldest girl—herself little more than a child—had tried to take care of two younger children; she was ill with a fever. The man wept as he told his story. My friend investigated the story and found it true.

He began to look into other cases, and he found every time a man was discharged for discourtesy the real sufferers were the wife and children at home; and sometimes the public is intolerant. He also found that *you can not make a man courteous by punishing discourtesy.*

Reversing his methods entirely, my friend decided to be guided by the advice of the old-fashioned Ohio poetess, Alice Carey:

"Do not look for wrong and evil;
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass you meet a smile."

MY friend began to look for good qualities in everybody and to offer reports of employees of only happy, courteous duties they performed especially well. Employees began to profit by these things in better wages and better positions.

And my friend? Wearing the William Howard Taft smile that won't come off!

Passing through St. Louis, the boy carrying his satchel rested it for a moment on the stool of the gate keeper at the Union Station while my friend's ticket was being examined.

"Take that satchel off there!" snarled the petty official. "What do you think this is, a storage warehouse? That stool's made to sit on!"

My friend, with characteristic courtesy, ignored his rudeness and passed on. A few months later he was at the same station waiting for a train. The same gruff gateman was there. An employee of another department had been gratifyingly polite and considerate. The gateman noticed that my friend wrote down the employee's cap number and inquired as to his name. He could not conceal his curiosity. Approaching my friend he inquired gingerly:

"Has that man done anything you are going to report him for?"

"Yes, he has."

"What has he done?"

"He has been polite to me and considerate."

"And are you going to report him for *that*?" with considerable astonishment.

"I certainly am. The company will be glad to know of his politeness and will undoubtedly note the fact as a part of his personal record."

"And are many folks reporting politeness?" he inquired somewhat anxiously.

"Some folks are, and many others soon will be," was the reply. And the beautiful butterfly emerging from the homely cocoon could not compare with the decided change in that gateman. The way

he transformed himself from the gruffest into the politest gateman between New York and San Francisco was fully as wonderful, and took less time!

A FEW months afterwards he was gone. My friend took pains to trace him and found that a business man, observing his uniform politeness, had hired him for a more lucrative position. And his little wife upon whose defenseless shoulders had fallen the manifold varieties of grouches, now began to wear the smile that won't come off! The children were happy and well dressed. My friend had "tagged" that gateman with appreciation, kindness, and courtesy; he had in turn "tagged" his wife with these happiness-giving qualities, and she was passing them along!

A BUSINESS man was riding in an open street car when he noticed a newsboy lift his hat and say, "I thank you, sir," to a gentleman who had given him a nickel for a three-cent paper and told him to keep the change.

Rushing from the car to the newsboy, the pleased observer asked: "My boy, who taught you to be polite?"

The little boy lifted his hat again and said: "My mother, sir."

Handing the lad his business card, the gentleman said to him: "Well, you tell your mother when you go home tonight that because of your one act of courtesy today you can have a place in my office."

An elevator boy was polite one day to an ill-dressed old lady who rode in his elevator; upon reaching the first floor on the return trip the old lady asked the boy to give her his name and address. They

were given and the incident forgotten. Two years later the eccentric old lady died leaving in her will her entire large estate to the only person who had thought to be polite to her in years!

A punctilious young lady who was being rolled on a barrel to get the water out of her stomach by the man who had rescued her from drowning, said:

"I'm sorry, sir, I cannot talk to you, but we haven't been properly introduced!"

DAILY we meet persons in the cars and in the streets who become perfectly familiar to us although "not properly introduced." Why not smile, pass the time of day, drop a pleasant remark, show we appreciate the fact that they are alive, and thereby add to the sum total of human happiness not only for time but for eternity. Ah, the power of a kindly word of appreciation!

An intended suicide was thwarted in New York, when, after the desperate man had recited his truly awful woes to my friend (a noted New York author) and added:

"Oh, I am only human driftwood now. Nobody cares, nobody cares!" A sob escaped his lips.

"You are mistaken!" said my friend with characteristic gentleness. "Somebody does care. I care."

SOME years ago the writer was taken to task by an irate man who undertook the huge task of reciting my faults to me in no uncertain manner. When he had finished he looked at me stubbornly, expecting me to be in a rage.

Instead, I smiled at him and said:

"I thank you, sir, for your category of my faults,—the catalogue of them is a good one, *but the list is not complete, for there are so many faults you have left out!*"

The man's sense of humor was touched and he broke out laughing. Far from losing his friendship I won him for a friend. I need that man.

Had not our Master the proper appreciation,—the right view of both good and evil,—when he spoke the words which delivered Mary Magdalene from the evil with which she had been attacked?

[Continued on page 236]

THE author of this article is an eastern gentleman, a teacher and writer of note who has been in the west seeking to regain his health which had become considerably impaired. He called several times at the Era office, and the editors considered themselves fortunate in making his acquaintance. Mr. Wade is a cultured gentleman whom it is a pleasure to know. He was very favorably impressed with the scenery of the west and with conditions as he found them here, and is confident that poems and prose articles will result from the inspiration he has received.

*"Are you satisfied with Nate's
conduct toward you?"*

*Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes*



Expatriation

By

HUGH J. CANNON

Chapter Seven

MAIL from the United States did not reach Apia often. Frequently a month would elapse between these interesting periods, but when it did arrive it invariably caused great excitement. Strange it was how eagerly men and women, native and white, waited at the post office though some of them had never received a letter in their lives and had no reason to expect one.

As no mail boat ever reached port without having something

for Nell Redfield, she was always an early caller at the post office. A few days after Lieutenant Hawley's last visit, she was handed more than the usual quota of letters and papers. A bulky one from her father was the first to be opened. After recording a number of unimportant items, it went on to say:

"Your mother's last letter probably prepared you to some extent for the impending news concerning Nate and Jessie. Mother and I believe we can appreciate your feelings, knowing your affectionate

heart as we do, when you learn that these two, whom you cherished above all others in the world, are probably engaged by this time. She was to meet him in New York, and unless my knowledge of human nature is very faulty, their future plans are already consummated.

"My dear daughter, since commencing this letter, I have sat long in retrospection and have seriously questioned motives and judgment in the part I have played in your affairs since the unfortunate secret came to light. The worthiness of my motives troubles me not at all, for I can call heaven to witness my advice was only that which I felt the exigencies of the case demanded.

"Regarding my judgment, that is a matter on which I can not easily satisfy myself. A step which involves the life-long happiness of one as dear as you are to me should never be decided impulsively. A decision should be based on something more substantial than sentiment or adherence to a favorite hobby. While acknowledging the influence of both sentiment and a pet idea, I believe a principle is involved which would be violated were you to marry. As you know I have for years publicly fought such unions, and in your case would consider it to be a very serious step. Of course

if you did not believe as I do, the matter would be less grave for you. But you did accept the principle and even went farther than I would have dared suggest.

"These being the facts, the matter of marriage seemed out of the question for you. However, it would be neither wise nor proper for Nate to remain single, because you are forced to do so. Such a course could be prompted only by an unwise sentimentality. You have set him free and have urged that he seek a suitable companion. We have added our advice to your suggestion. Mother and I both felt that if he is to marry, no one would suit you better as a wife for him than your dear friend Jessie, and we have done all in our power to bring about such a union. It has not been an easy thing to do. For a long time Jessie would not have much to do with Nate because she felt that something in his conduct displeased you. It was not until I gave him permission to tell your real reason for going away, that her sympathy for him was enlisted; but her tender heart was touched and her first impulse was never to marry, and especially not to accept attention from Nate, because it would increase your burden of grief. Then he became obsessed with the same idea. In my day I have had many mulish witnesses and juries to contend with, but never did I have a more difficult task than to convince these two obstinate creatures that it would but add to your unhappiness to have them remain single simply out of consideration for your feelings.

"Now that such a marriage is arranged, at least it has probably proceeded that far. I sit here and wonder after all how fallible my judgment has been. Telling you of their prospects enables me to measure the matter with your eyes, at least to an extent, and I wonder! I wonder! If I have done wrong, my dear girl, pray forgive me. I have acted according to the best light that was in me.

"Nate is now en route to Egypt where he and some other engineers have taken up a big engineering contract. He will be gone for several months. His tentative plan, as far as it has been communicated to me, is that he will return within a few months and marry, then Jessie may accompany him to Egypt.

Of that she will doubtless write you more fully than I am able to do."

AFTER reading her father's letter, Nell hadn't the courage for some little time to peruse another which she saw by the handwriting was from Jessie. But finally with a sigh she opened it.

"This letter and your father's, which he tells me he has just mailed, will doubtless reach you at the same time. If you have not already read his, will you please lay this aside until you have done so?

"Now, with the assurance that you know the contents of his letter, I can proceed, difficult as it is.

"I have just returned from New York where I saw Nate embark for Egypt. It was understood when he sailed that I should write you fully and frankly and ask you to be equally frank. Whether or not Nate and I consider ourselves formally engaged depends wholly upon your answer. Judge Redfield assures me that whether you remain there or return home you positively will not marry. I know Nate still loves you, and to my own surprise that fact is not seriously disturbing, though I am sure it would be extremely hard for both of you, and perhaps dangerous for the happiness of all, if you should meet until after some years have elapsed. If there is the slightest lingering doubt as to your future intentions, I promise that my affair with Nate will be instantly terminated.

"My dear friend, I mourn with you in your sorrow and if our marriage would add to your burden of grief I shall forever banish all thoughts of such union. If, on the other hand, you approve of what we have done, we shall go away from here and you can abandon your solitary life and come home, where you can at least have the comforts of civilization and the association of your parents.

"Since the foregoing was written, your father and I have been talking about the most exciting thing. You could never guess what it is! Nothing less than a

trip to Samoa to visit you! The two years have nearly passed and Judge and Mrs. Redfield, in any event, will come. He authorizes me to say this. Perhaps, after the disclosure your father has made, you would rather not see me now; but if I really thought that I should almost die of grief, I love you better than anyone else in the world—not even excepting my own family, or Nate."

THE lonely girl's heart bounded tumultuously at thought of seeing her parents in the near future. And Jessie! What about her? Nell believed she loved her friend as much as ever. Jessie and Nate certainly had played the game fairly and had been far more considerate than she could have asked. But to meet on the old terms and forget that this friend was now the fiancée of the man whom she was to have married and whom she still loved with all her heart—or almost with it all—that was something not so easy to contemplate. It would be far better for Jessie not to come than to have her feelings wounded by anything less than an enthusiastic and wholehearted welcome.

Nell felt that it was one of those questions, referred to in her father's letter, which should not be decided by sentiment, but by clear thinking. For hours she walked along the beach and at length received inspiration as she had done many times before, from the rusting pile of steel still bearing the outlines of warships.

"I shall do the thing that is right, no matter how hard it is," was her conclusion. "Jessie has been in every sense true and loyal, and it would be despicable to per-



As the Marana steamed into Pago Pago

mit any feeling of resentment to take root in my heart toward her. Thank you, Admiral Kimberly! You and your courageous seamen have again taught me a lesson."

BEFORE the day was over a wireless was winging its way across the miles of water. It was addressed to her father and read, "Come, bring Jessie."

Oh, the interminable hours and days which succeeded the sending of that message! Now that she knew these loved ones were coming it seemed impossible to await the time of their arrival. Suddenly she realized how tragic her life had been, how desolate, and she shuddered as she recalled how near to real tragedy she had come while standing on the brink of the volcano crater in Hawaii. "Thank God for the measure of self-mastery which I have acquired," she murmured. "That alone compensates for a large amount of heartache."

No longer repressed, the desire to see her parents became a veritable passion, and even the thought of meeting Jessie aroused ecstatic anticipation. She was as a starving person who has spread before him an appetizing meal but is told he must wait for a few hours before partaking of it.

About two weeks later she received a cablegram from her father that the three were leaving San Francisco aboard the *Marama* which should reach Pago Pago, en route to Australia, twelve days later. Nell decided to make the trip to the other island in order to meet the newcomers at the earliest possible moment. This would also enable her to pay Mrs. Evans the visit which she had promised for many months to make. Then she devoted herself to her school and other work, and when a few moments could be spared they were spent in beautifying her garden and home. Like most people she loved sympathy, but detested pity, and she would have been delighted had it been within her power to make Jessie a little jealous of her and her surroundings. The little house was really beautiful, surrounded outside by stately palm and coconut trees, bananas and flowers, and inside filled with gifts of beads, shells and other trinkets.

THOUGHT of Jessie being jealous even set her to thinking seriously of what her attitude toward Dick should be. Of course she could not honestly give him any real encouragement, but she was human enough to desire her friend to see that she still had opportunities to marry, and to one who would be considered a desirable catch in any land.

Nell had heard much unfavorable comment on the accommodations furnished by the *Marstal*, the inter-island boat which ran to Pago Pago, but decided after having made the trip that many more uncomplimentary things might have been said without exaggeration. Lying on a common deck with people of at least five different nationalities, with no covering to shield the passengers against rain or tropical sun, and with no accommodations whatever, was not what the most cheerful optimist would call a pleasure trip. Added to this was the fact that many of the passengers were seasick, some of them so violently ill that they made no effort to reach the side of the small craft, when they began the serious little game popularly known as "feeding the fishes."

THE welcome which awaited her at the naval colony upon her arrival at the island of Tutuila made up somewhat for the discomforts of the trip. Much to her embarrassment she found all the Americans suspected, even if they did not certainly know, that Dick was deeply in love with her.

The motherly Mrs. Evans, delightfully talkative and meddlesome, who, as her husband ex-

pressed it, did police duty for the entire colony, felt constrained to sound a note of warning to her visitor.

"Dick is the finest young fellow in the navy, but you must remember, Miss Redfield, that he has been isolated in the South Seas for many months now and has hardly seen an American girl in that time. It is perfectly natural for him to lose his heart to the first one he sees, especially when she is such a beauty," the worthy lady added the latter clause, realizing that her words were rather crude. "Besides, he has the reputation of falling in love almost as easily as he falls out. Don't misunderstand me, my dear. I do not charge him with being fickle, and to you, I am sure he will be sincere, but he is due to have a furlough very soon which will take him away for a rather long period, and he is certain to receive another assignment. In that case, of course, you could not be sure what might happen."

Nell listened mechanically to the warning and thanked Mrs. Evans for it, wondering meanwhile whether the good lady did not have some plans of her own for capturing the popular young lieutenant for a niece, whose praises she was continually singing whenever he was about.

IN due time the *Marama* arrived and discharged the few passengers billed for the Navigator Islands. Nell, who had planned to rush up the gangplank and throw herself into the arms of her parents, was so overcome at the last moment that she could do nothing more than duck her head and weep, childishly. They came to her, the three, and soothed and petted her back to normalcy. The four were soon engaged in a veritable love feast.

"You have been in the navy, haven't you, Judge?" Captain Evans asked later.

"No, unfortunately I have not been."

"Well, I still think you have been connected with the government to an extent which will justify me in sending you over to Apia with the gunboat. In any case I would have to dispatch Hawley there within the month and he might as well go now. Your daughter can tell you the

[Continued on page 242]

Communion

By Grace Ingles Frost

AT the home of the shadow and silence
How oft the responsive strings
Of the human heart are awakened
By an unseen touch that brings
The jubilant soaring flute-notes
Of gladness long since spent,
On the soul-inspiring minor chords
Which God mayhaps has sent
To render our life's music
Of more majestic tone,
That deep, mysterious cadence,
To lighter strains unknown.

The Essentials of Public Speaking

A. How to choose a subject.

1. The subject should be practical, original and attractive.
2. It should be adapted to the occasion; to the audience, and to the personality of the speaker—
 - x. Physically.
 - y. Mentally.
 - z. Morally.
3. It should center around a single, clearly defined theme, and move irresistibly toward a well-marked objective. Avoid ambiguity by defining the terms.

SUCCESS or failure often depends upon how carefully you choose the subject (and object) of your speech. Quite often the nature of the speech determines this critical issue for you. But in any event, a few general principles will help you in reaching this all-important decision.

Why select a topic remote from the actual interests and concerns of your audience? Surely it is wiser to fix upon a timely, practical theme—even in the realm of literature or philosophy—a subject that calls for action or a positive decision of the will—a discussion from which there comes some approximation of certainty. This need not lead you or your audience beyond their depth; rather it should leave both resting upon a chosen ground of substantial thought, concrete fact, and sincere convictions. Let the topic have a genuine connection with real life as men must live it in order to meet and solve their daily problems. Nor does this imply that you should deal only with material things; but deal equally with opinions, ideals, aspirations, all these intangible, yet powerful factors that go to make up our character, culture and civilization.

BY pursuing a choice along these lines, you are most likely to add the much desired touch of originality to your work. For, now, the choice is finding its source in your own study of men, books and affairs; your own observation

II. The Speech

By
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and reflection; your own insight into the varied needs of your community. The subject in itself may not be new, nor even your individual slant upon it; but your attack, your strategy may well be original, vigorous and vivid. As your own thought grapples with the subject, its possibilities lay hold of you all the more powerfully. Consequently you present it more dynamically, more enthusiastically to your audience.

Let this chosen topic be further conditioned upon its attractiveness to you personally. It must draw you on to its consideration, solution and promulgation with altogether resistless appeal; such an appeal as quickens your intellect, kindles your feelings, stirs your imagination, strengthens your convictions, with the sense of its profound and pressing importance, a call that arouses the spirit of a crusader!

AS a further caution, keep the subject and its development well in harmony with the circumstances of the speech occasion. Almost every audience has a dominating type, a dominating urge, strong special concerns. Our common sense makes it relatively easy to recognize and study these conditioning factors and adapt our speech methods to themes and modes vital to the welfare of that particular group. Recall Wendell Phillips' summary of Daniel O'Connell's power of adaptation. "He was * * * before the courts, logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit, pathos; before the masses, a whole man." One element in Roosevelt's great success as a speaker was that he knew the peculiar concerns and

spoke the language of so many diverse groups—of farmers, of cattlemen, of soldiers, of laborers, of tenement dwellers, of politicians, of scholars. He could readily present the same case before any of those types in the way they would find most convincing.

Nor must the speaker disregard his personal qualifications, physically, mentally and morally. If you lack marked physical vigor in body and voice, do not select a theme that demands an extended and robust presentation, or one that must be delivered under difficult conditions—out of doors or in a very large auditorium or in competition with extraneous noises.

Do not labor under the delusion that you must choose some current topic of the day whether you know anything about it or not. Measure yourself and your mental capacity; there will always be a subject just far enough above you to rise to, and yet not so far as to be entirely beyond your grasp.

And do not forget that your personal character is going to speak even more loudly than your voice. You may speak haltingly and yet move an audience profoundly. However, if you have the reputation for being mean and stingy, do not appear before your community to appeal to them to be generous. There might be a riot!

ALWAYS restrict the scope implied in the wording of your subject. In the first place you should not deceive yourself or mislead your audience by some sensational proposition to which you can not do justice. This is getting a hearing on false pretenses. Your own ability, your investigation, your experience, and the time at your disposal are all determining factors. Careful definition of the terms in your proposition will remove much ambiguity, much rambling, much repetition. A brief, pointed declaration of exactly what you propose to do in your speech, will go a long way towards holding you on the track and in winning the confidence of your hearers.

Here is a recent example: The general subject announced was "atheism." Such a choice was open to all the criticism cited above. It was soon evident that the speaker was not sure whether he was discussing agnosticism, deism, theism, pantheism, materialism, rationalism, humanism, animism, Platonism or hedonism. His mind was cleared when he was forced to phrase his objective thus: "It is beneficial for students to join the Association for the advancement of Atheism," and further to define his terms as those adopted "officially" in that association.

Let us take another example which can be used as a more extended illustration later in this article: "The Meaning of Scouting." The general topic is "Scouting;" the subject selected is "The Meaning of the Boy Scouts of America;" the object in view was to urge "the men of this town of _____ to make themselves worthy examples for boys of Scout age to imitate."

B. How to gather and arrange your material.

1. Sources cited under I. A. classification and filing systems. (I. A. 7.)
2. Bibliographies.

WITH the subject, the point of view, object of your speech carefully determined, your next step is to survey the mass of data actually assembled or in reach. Exhaust the resources of your nearest library, and if further information is desirable your librarian will assist you. Remember the public libraries of your state—capital, county or university—are at your disposal. It is not so often a question of the mass of data as it is of the "digesting" of the mass. A very practical system is to jot down on the ordinary sized library card (3"x5") important items as you discover them. Write at the top of the card the name of the book, author, date, page, particular circumstances under which the statement was made, et cetera; indeed, all those conditions which throw light on the particular information contained therein. These cards are filed under the classifications you are maintaining—"Scouting. Quotations;" "Scouting, Illustrations;" "Scouting, History;" et cetera.

In going through the mass of material that almost invariably collects about any worthwhile topic, the speaker must learn to discriminate quickly and accurately. His best criterion is always—"What is my exact purpose in making this speech?" This guide

THE living voice has a witchery all its own. No matter how rich and flexible the language or how skilled the writer, there will always remain a subtle something which the living voice alone can express. Ruskin placed the art of reading aloud at the head of the list of modern accomplishments, and the advent of a speaker who can make the voice a revealer of the soul is hailed with grateful praise.

—Tait.

renders you alert in judging, not what is "fine," or "good," but what will advance your particular purpose. The clearer cut your own idea is of what you need, the more prompt and sharp is your decision, the more courageous you will be in discarding matter, excellent enough in its way, but not for your immediate purpose. Consequently your speech will be all the more compact, brief and effective.

Do not overlook the importance of an adequate bibliography, which is an integral part of a carefully prepared speech composition. List your sources accurately, i. e. Phillips, A. E., "Effective Speaking," Newton Co., Chicago, 1908. This applies not only to those actually used, which may be marked, but others that you may wish to use later. An accurate and adequate bibliography is one mark of an orderly mind.

C. How to construct the speech.

Importance of an adequate outline. Reasonable brevity throughout.

1. The Introduction.
2. The Main Discussion.
3. The Conclusion.

OUR general procedure has been to set down broad fundamental principles upon which the individual speaker may build his own speech methods. But so essential is an adequate speech outline, that this "rule" seems almost obligatory. "The one imperative

requirement is that, at some time or other, the speaker orders his thoughts by an outline."¹ It is from the pen of that eminently successful speaker, Harry Emerson Fosdick, that we borrow this exact phrase—"I would never think of speaking, without, in some way, ordering my thoughts." Such an experienced speaker may depend upon his practical judgment to determine the form and detail of his "ordering," but we urge the beginner to "order his thoughts" by writing an outline with very full details. The arguments in favor of this procedure are overwhelmingly convincing. Such a detailed outline clears the mind of the speaker, and smooths the way for understanding in the mind of the hearer: such a logical ordering of data relieves the speaker of the excessive burden of trying to recall under the stress of speaking a jumbled mass of information and leaves him freer to expend his reserve energy on all the processes of persuasion that arise when face to face with the actual speech situation: it best solves all the difficulties that are herded together in the complaint, "I can't remember my speech;" it is the surest framework upon which to build a real extempore power in speech, which is admittedly the highest form of public address: it preserves in an ordered form a worthwhile speech, which may be used repeatedly and which may be continuously and satisfactorily altered to meet changing conditions—this flexibility is an almost priceless addition to one's speech resources. Furthermore, it offers a picture of the completed speech, from which an estimate of the content may be gained and the length of time necessary for its adequate delivery. It is an obvious and ever present help toward being reasonably brief—a consummation most devoutly to be desired in all speakers!

A SIMPLE procedure is to plan three clearly marked divisions in your speech: Introduction; Main Discussion; Conclusion.

The purpose of the introduction is to win favorable attention for the speaker and his cause, and to set forth all the explanation, all the preliminary information neces-

¹Brigance, W. N., "The Spoken Word," F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y., 1927.

sary for an understanding of the consequent discussion; you aim to win good-will, a fair hearing, to awaken keen interest, even perhaps curiosity. But if you desire fairness, be fair. Let your actual discussion live up to your advance notices. State your theme conservatively and come up to the expectations aroused in the hearts of your listeners. Do not announce a profound lecture on "Love, Health and Marriage," and then dish up to your audience a few pages from the correspondence column of the Sunday Supplement.

An introduction may take one of many forms, and yet meet these main demands. A personal illustration; a local reference; capitalizing the immediate occasion, or what has just been said by a preceding speaker; some item from the local press; some conspicuous object; some important person; some recent community event, et cetera; any of these may open the hearts of the audience. An appropriate anecdote, well told, is often successful in unlocking the flood-gates of good-will. A quotation that is not trite but that is briskly in tune with your theme; an historical fact, a startling, but not obviously absurd, statement; a sharp comparison; challenging statistics; unusual or dramatic incidents—all of these are incidents often successfully employed. The caution is—keep in view your chief purpose, and avoid triteness or fulsome flattery.

THE main discussion is to develop, in detail, your central theme. As a correct rhetorical unit, the speaker not only follows the accepted canons of correct composition, but also the particular canons of an effective speaker. There must be that unity which comes from the single theme with its proper partition into the subdivisions by which it can be best presented. These will always be considered in climactic order—the most important coming last. This order may be chronological, logical or topical. In any case avoid unrelated digressions. Always there must be a logical order in setting forth the argumentative data, in order that the audience may follow your train of thought. Here each sub-statement must stand as a reason for the main statement it

follows. Use the most forceful and compelling evidence to be found; deliberately avoid confusing, weak, random and rambling notions, assumptions and surmises. Weld your evidence together by constant application of material that obeys such accepted factors

THE human voice is a great power among men. It is human nature to want to hear truth presented in the most interesting and, if may be, the most vivid manner. It is the province of the public speaker to convince men and move them to action. This can be done through the living voice and manner, by which only," says Humboldt; "the speaker is able to breathe, as it were, his own soul into the soul of his hearers."

of interestingness and entertainment as: the use of concrete examples rather than unrelated abstractions; suspense and curiosity; vivid, picturesque, moving, dramatic narration; challenge and conflict; humor, fun, infinite jest; pathos, tenderness; the familiar and well beloved; the strange, the queer, the new; self-interest; loyalty, idealism. The main arguments advanced in your speech must be constantly supported by such means as these—which strengthen your rational position, because they intensify the attention.

THE conclusion is the final emphasis upon your theme. It should fix the significance of the whole speech—should give the gist of the entire discussion, and arouse enthusiasm for its doctrines. A brief summary of the main arguments is a practical necessity. This may be given quite formally or better still with that studied informality which reiterates the ideas without restating them in the identical phrases used previously. This employs subtle suggestion and when skillfully done is highly persuasive. The conclusion is the time for employing an emotional appeal, a prophecy, a challenge, a ringing quotation, a call to arms, a watchword that promotes unity of thought and feeling in the minds of the audience.

So important did Daniel Webster consider his conclusions, that he made it a habit to write them

out with most meticulous care and memorize his vivid closing paragraphs, so that there might be not the slightest uncertainty; no rambling verbosity, no new arguments to distract, and never an anti-climax.

Examine this speech outline as an example of the points emphasized above.

Subject

THE MEANING OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.²

Object

The men of the town of—should make themselves worthy examples for boys of Scout age to imitate.

Introduction

I. We are celebrating the sixteenth anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scout movement in the United States.

II. Before the founding in America the movement had already been organized in England in 1907 by Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

III. Since, in spite of the prominence of the movement, few of us realize the ideals that underlie its teachings, I wish to discuss them tonight—particularly in their relation to ourselves.

Main Discussion

I. Scouting capitalizes the imitative instinct of the 12 to 16 year old boy.

A. Its founders realized that the boy's natural instinct was twofold.

1. He gangs together with his fellows.

2. These gangs are modelled after older groups known to the boys—drawn from literature, movies or actual life.

B. This instinct may be put to good or bad uses.

1. We read of gangs of boy criminals—these boys have imitated the wrong kind of ideals.

2. Our high school organizations duplicate, to the damage of high school students, the organizations in college.

3. If the boys are given good things to imitate the results are uplifting.

C. Scouting uses this instinct to the fullest advantage.

1. Sir Robert Baden-Powell took the gang and made it "The Troop."

2. He modelled the troop after various organizations.

a. The pioneer contributed the ideals of hardiness and courage.

b. From the military groups came the ideal of obedience to authority.

c. The American Indian gave love of nature and ability to "get along" with her.

d. From the Knights of King Arthur came ideals of chivalry, of respect to wo-

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²An outline of a classroom speech prepared by Mr. Robert A. Stephens for an imagined banquet of the Scout Council on the sixteenth anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scouts of America.

Values

By

LINDA S. FLETCHER

Illustrated by

Paul S. Clowes

AS Louise Alder opened the gate that led to the campus her heart was beating high with a happiness that brought a flush to her olive cheeks and a proud light to her wide-set eyes of deepest black. She drew her smart coat more closely around her slender, petite body, emphasizing thus the delicate curves of her graceful figure, and tilted her pointed chin archly. She was poised and ready for the flood of adulation that she knew would greet her when she reached the buildings and encountered her school-mates. How fortunate it was that she had had no classes before assembly this morning! It would be so exciting to meet the whole school at once and receive its praises! Most thrilling of all, perhaps Bob Vernon would seek



"Daddy, I shan't let you prove a traitor to your love, just to help me in mine. We will welcome my friends here, or not at all."

her out and sit beside her at assembly. She recalled how admirably his blue eyes had rested upon her the night before when she had made such a hit as the Spanish girl in the school play, "Isabella." It was so wonderful to know that she had excited attention after her nearly four years of starving for admiration.

Yes, there was Bob, his fair hair blowing in the breeze, just coming down the steps. She had timed her appearance just right—he had seen her—was hurrying toward her, followed by an admiring group.

"Luck, Miss Alder, to see you," he said, as he approached her eagerly. "May we escort you to assembly?"

"You were great last night, Miss Alder!" "Wonderful acting!" "A real princess!" were some of the phrases with which the others greeted her.

LOUISE wondered at the poise with which she was able to accept the admiration they be-

stowed upon her—she who had been so unnoticed before and now found herself so courted. Of course, if she had won Bob Vernon's interest, the others were bound to follow his lead, for wasn't he the most popular fellow in school and his father the wealthiest man in town? Perhaps, some of her dreams would yet come true.

Indeed, the dearest one she had ever had was realized when she entered the auditorium at Bob's side, leading a miniature triumphal procession of fellow-students. It was so thrilling to sit beside him, to glance up now and then at his fine profile, and to have him turn and smile at her. She had seen him so often beside some of the other girls; but it did not seem possible that such great joy should come to her, the aloof maiden who had hidden her longings so effectually under a careful mask of indifference, while she looked with bitterness upon the girls who wore pretty clothes and had such merry times.

BUT all such resentments were now swallowed up in the happy knowledge that she had at last won his interest. It was clothes that mattered, she decided. How beautiful she had been in the gorgeous costumes that had been rented for her to wear in the play! Bob had really seemed to be seeing her for the first time when he came to the stage to congratulate them after the last act.

"You have a lot of traps, no doubt, Mayn't I drive you home?"

And then to sit beside him in his luxurious roadster and just relax. How she had loved it.

"Perhaps that means you will travel with the play. It would be good advertising for the school," Bob was saying, and Louise, startled from her reverie, became aware that Mr. Ashton, the dramatic coach, was making an announcement.

"We will meet in Room 12," he finished, and Louise looked questioningly at Bob.

"You know, I paid no attention to what he was saying," she smiled. "I think I was in dream-land."

"He wants to see the cast of 'Isabella' directly after assembly. As I was saying, I imagine that he is planning to take the play to some of the other towns around here and show them what we can do."

Louise felt her heart give a sickening pause, but she smiled—a tight-lipped little smile.

"But that will interfere with our school work," she protested lamely. She didn't care a thing about such a trip with Bob left behind, and—

LOUISE dropped her eyes and stood quietly as the benediction was pronounced, but thoughts that caused a thrill of fear to pierce through her, leaped into her mind. As the amen was pronounced, Bob turned to her with a smile.

"I'll go along to the meeting with you and find out what it is all about. As mayor of this school-city, I should know all that is going on. If it's to be a trip, I rather think they'll want me along, anyway. And don't you worry about the grind,—they'll let you off easy for doing so much for the school. We've never had



A little later she and Bob left the others and walked to the front yard.

such an actress in our plays before."

"Do you really think I did well?"

"Well? You're a real artist!" Bob told her enthusiastically.

IT was just as Bob predicted. When the cast had assembled, Mr. Ashley announced that the faculty had decided to send the play on the road.

"We will go to the northern towns next week; day after tomorrow—Friday—we will go to Georgetown, play there that night and also Saturday, returning here Sunday afternoon," he told them.

As he announced their itinerary, Louise held her breath but breathed freely again at his conclusion. There would be no time for a visit to the little town she called home. She was so relieved that her dark eyes glowed again.

"I can take a car," volunteered Bob, boldly. "I was sure you would need my help in getting things lined up, so took the liberty of coming in."

"Glad to have you come along, Robert," Mr. Ashley asserted, cordially, his bright gaze resting indulgently upon Bob.

"I'll see that you ride with me, if you'll tell me you'd like to," said Bob in a low aside to Louise as they rose to go to their classroom.

"I should enjoy it very much," the girl assented happily, long, curling lashes sweeping her cheeks to hide the light in her eyes.

TRY as she would, however, Louise could not think

of the trip without a premonition of fear. Of course her home town, because of the rutted, rocky road that led to it from the main highway, was not often visited by travelers; but something might happen that would take her friends there. Now that she had awakened Bob Vernon's interest, it would be too cruel to have him find out about her home and father. Not that she wouldn't give her life for Daddy—but Bob wouldn't understand now. If she but knew him better—had had a chance to win his love—then she would not fear, "but, not now, not now." She found herself praying about it; a selfish little prayer, perhaps, but it seemed so vital to all her hopes of happiness!

It would be such a shock to Bob, who had always known wealth and culture and who lived in a stately home that seemed a mansion indeed to Louise, to see her pathetic little home back there. "Why, it's just a hut!" she told herself, despairingly. There it nestled, a tiny cottage of weathered, gray logs, almost hidden from view among great, spreading fig trees, at the base of a towering mountain, the slope of which bore wide, black patches of lava rock. Such a poor little house it was, with two tiny bedrooms, a big, flagged kitchen, and a wee cubby hole of a place where Daddy sat all day, cross-legged, making and mending shoes.

AND that father of hers! Such a little gnome of a man was he, with his queer, springy walk; round shoulders, from sitting so many hours over the shoes; face dark and greasy like the leather apron he wore at his work; long, heavy locks of waving black hair; gleaming white teeth; and slumbrous eyes—he was so different! Those great eyes of his had always been full of love for "my Louvisa," as he called Louise, but she had seen them blaze with wrath when some of the urchins of the village (on mischief bent and considering the queer old fellow their legitimate prey) would play tricks on "old Willy Alder" or tease the tiny motherless girl who was his daughter.

"We'll show them some day, the brats!" her father would cry passionately at such times. "Just wait till you go to school and

grow to be ze bootiful laadee like my other Louvisa!" and he would gaze so wistfully at the portrait of a lovely lady who smiled down on the two she had left behind in the strange little town to which she had failed to become accustomed after her years in the "old countree."

And Louise had come at last, still a lonely little figure, to the high school town half a hundred miles away from Baxterville, leaving her father behind. She had found it almost impossible to discard the proud aloofness she had donned as protective armor against the slights and teasings, that had been so much a part of her previous existence, and take part in the social life of the school; instead, she had kept very much to

herself, spending her time with her books and making a brilliant scholastic record.

WITH the advent of the Vernon family into Cedarville and the appearance of Bob Vernon at the school, however, Louise became passionately determined to do something that would win his attention. Thus it was that she had tried for, and won, the leading part in the school play and Bob's prayed-for recognition. She could not—would not—allow anything to nip in the bud this interest which she cherished as the most desirable thing in her life!

"It's too bad they aren't planning to go to your home town and let you see your folks while we're gone," Bob told her next day, as they were discussing the trip. "Shall I see what I can do about it?"

"There's only Daddy—I—I'll write and have him come to Georgetown," Louise replied vaguely. Oh, they mustn't, mustn't go to Baxterville!

THIS seemed to end the matter. Louise threw off her worries and was the gayest of the gay when they started on "the road." Perhaps she was trying to drown the conscience that strove to tell her how hurt Daddy would be if he knew she was coming so near home and had failed to let him know. And this, after he had been so kind about sending her the money for which she had written that she might buy for herself the kind of clothes the other girls, whom she saw with Bob, wore. It had been so thrilling to discard her drab clothing and don becoming spring apparel; and, as she did so, she tried to forget the wistful black eyes—tired, old eyes full of affection for her—in her fiercely-cherished new-found, intoxicating happiness.

As they sped on their journey, she at Bob's side and three others of the cast in the rear seat of the sedan he was driving, Louise thought, glowingly, of the smart young miss that had smiled from her mirror upon her, as she took one last look before responding to the summons of Bob's horn. It was so glorious to be young and to drive through the sweet

The Measure of a Life

THEY called him a failure, because he was "broke,"
Had never much money to show:

They viewed all his efforts somewhat as a joke,

Believed him insipid and slow;
He did all he could to help others in need,

Easing burdens with gladness and song,

The world slyly twitted, "He'll never succeed,"

He's foolish," "a dreamer," "all wrong."

He did what he could to make others smile,

By sharing the burdens they bore;

His friendship made "failures" feel life is worth while

Relieved those who were friendless and poor.

He lived a "religion" of joy for the sad,

Brought love to the weary of heart,

He saw only good where others saw bad,

Helped many to make a new start.

They said, "He's a failure;" yes, he had failed,

At most outward things he had done,

But when sacrifice, hardships, and loves were entailed

Where others left off, he'd begun!

He didn't "have money," had never "made good,"

Didn't shine in the mad race for pelf,

He possessed a rare "something" which few understood,

A failure? Well, guess it yourself!

—Kenyon Wade.

spring air with the youth who was the embodiment of one's girlish ideal. She must win him for her own, in spite of every obstacle!

WITH this resolution firmly fixed in her mind, it was with some trepidation that Louise, in her Spanish dress of yellow satin and black lace, her lustrous hair drawn smoothly back and dressed with the tall jeweled comb and mantilla, her face made up to a dazzling comeliness under the brilliant lights, drew back a tiny fold of the stage curtain and peered forth at the assembled throng. The house was packed; but, though she scanned the sea of faces intently, no intense, dark face looked up at the curtain. She breathed a sigh of relief; for, although she had not written to her father that she was coming to Georgetown, she was afraid that, some way, he might hear of her presence there and come, post haste, to see her.

"That's a real house, isn't it?" exulted Bob's voice in her ear; and she smiled at him, drawing a little aside that shoulder to shoulder, they might both look out. So close were their faces that some not-to-be-resisted magnetism drew them still closer and closer until Bob's cheek touched Louise's and they drew quickly apart, only to turn and smile tremulously into each other's eyes.

"You look so lovely," whispered Bob, huskily, taking her hand in his. "I can't think why I didn't get to meet you sooner." And then, apparently changing the subject, as the girl's long lashes dropped shyly:

"Did you get your herbarium done for botany?"

Louise shook her head; it was so hard to talk to him when he looked at her with such adoration in his eyes. Why, she had dreamed of this!

"Let's hunt our flowers together when we get back?" Bob suggested eagerly, and Louise assented: "Let's do."

"Oh, there you are," said Mr. Ashley in a tense whisper behind them. "Time for the curtain. Get in place for your entrance please, Louise."

"I'll be waiting for you when you come off," smiled Bob, as Louise went on.

AND the knowledge that he was there, waiting for her, caused Louise's soul to sing and her face to glow with radiant happiness. Her emotions were liberated by the intoxication of that happiness, and she played her role with such fire and fervor that she won curtain call after curtain call from the fascinated audience.

"It's going great," chirruped the excited Mr. Ashley, as, between acts, he strode from one dressing room to another, encouraging, praising.

As the last curtain went down, Bob hurried to Louise and caught her hands enthusiastically.

"That went even better than at home!" he congratulated; and soon the girl was surrounded by admirers.

AS soon as they could slip away, Bob and Louise walked out into the April night for a little, dreaming stroll together. Oh, she was so happy! Her joy would have been perfect, she thought, if only she could have forgotten Daddy and how proud he would have been to witness her triumph tonight—Daddy, who had saved so carefully that she might enjoy educational advantages so few in Baxterville had received—Daddy, who, no doubt, was even now thinking of her, glad that she would soon be coming back to spend vacation with him.

At the hotel where they were all staying, Bob and Louise found the others chatting together over sandwiches and orange juice, when they went in.

"We have some good news for you, Miss Alder," Mr. Ashley greeted them; "Masters, the school principal here says we had everyone in town out tonight and he thinks it wouldn't be worth our while to play here again. We've decided to take in the sights around here tomorrow and then drive over to Baxterville in the afternoon and visit there until sometime Sunday, when we will go back home. How does that suit you?"

Louise's heart stopped sickeningly.

"Just the thing," Bob agreed enthusiastically, and Louise heard her own voice, colored with simulated pleasure, assent, even while her whole soul silently protested.

She listened in a daze, joining in mechanically as the others completed their plans. How soon could she tell them goodnight—how soon be alone and think—to plan! What could she do?

SHE voiced the question in a husky moan when at last she was alone in her room. One wild plan after another presented itself, but they were all so grotesque, so impossible. She even found herself almost wishing that Daddy had married Miss Smutz, Baxterville's lone but wealthy spinster, who had been so determined to annex him ever since Louise could remember. That, at least would have given her a home of which she need not be ashamed. * * * If she were only in Baxterville, perhaps she could do something.

That was it! She would leave a note for Bob and go home on the five o'clock mail stage in the morning.

Having arrived at this decision, the girl dropped into a fitful slumber but woke early with the fixed idea that if she were to see Miss Smutz, something could be arranged. For this reason, when the stage drove across the creek bridge into Baxterville some two hours later, a pale but determined Louise directed the driver to leave her at the Smutz place.

MARIA Smutz, who was digging around some rose-bushes in her front yard when the stage stopped at her gate, glanced up inquiringly, peering out at her visitor from the cavernous depths of the big blue sunbonnet she wore.

"Well, if it hain't Louisa!" she exclaimed wonderingly, as the girl came up the path. "I hardly knew yuh in all them new duds," she continued in her nasal voice. "I guess yer Pa had tuh fork up a good bunch of his savin's tuh outfit yuh like that."

"I want to talk to you, Miss Smutz," Louise replied quietly but with a tenseness in her manner that made the spinster eye her keenly, as the girl led the way to the chairs on the porch.

Seated there, Louise explained how she happened to be in that part of the country.

"Land sakes, and didn't tell

yer Pa?" asked Miss Smutz accusingly.

The girl's pale cheeks flushed. "Oh, Miss Smutz, I've been a horrid snob, but I just can't down my miserable pride. I'm ashamed of my home, of—" she choked on a sob and then went on determinedly, painting an eloquent picture of her fear of what Bob would think of her surroundings, ending tragically: "And he's coming here—to Baxterville—today! What can I do?"

"Well," announced Miss Smutz with a superior air, "I don't blame yuh for being ashamed of that log shanty up there among the rocks even if yer father loves it and says it's like the chalets in Switzerland. But," her thin lips set primly—"you might have had a better home." She glanced around complacently at the spaciousness of her gracious colonial house in its setting of delightful, informal gardens.

"You—wanted to marry Daddy?" Louise asked softly.

MISS SMUTZ bridled. "Well, why not? He's the only man in town anywhere near my age, and I don't care much for this living alone. William ain't much for size, but I always thought him romantic and foreign lookin'. An' don't forget he was willin' enough, too, if he hadn't been afraid you wouldn't like it."

Perhaps Maria had really convinced herself that this was the reason why Willy Alder had avoided her advances.

"Do you really mean that?" Louise asked incredulously.

"Well, why not?" retorted Maria haughtily.

Louise could not answer her although she was still unbelieving. Of course, Maria was not such a bad sort, if one did not compare her with the lovely lady who had been Willy Alder's adored wife. Perhaps her father had been willing to accept Maria as a companion. Surely she had no right to interfere with his inclinations.

"Why I wouldn't hinder Daddy's doing anything he likes," she told Maria softly and then continued impetuously, "Oh, Miss Smutz if I told him so, would you—would you let him and me come here today and welcome my friends as if this were really my home?" Her voice was unsteady.

Maria Smutz considered, not without a gleam of triumph in her hawk eyes.

"Well, if yer Pa comes and asks me tuh marry him today," she announced, bargaining, "there'll be plenty of good beds and a fine supper for yer friends when they come. You can tell them I'm—your housekeeper!" and she cackled triumphantly. "Of course, if yer Pa later marries his housekeeper, he won't be the first man who has done such a thing."

Louise gave a little shudder, but yielded to the finality in Maria's tone. Of course, if Daddy wished it, she had no right to dissent, and it did solve her problem.

And now to meet her father.

LOUISE took up her smart traveling bag and started up the tree-bordered lane that led to her father's chalet. The quaint Swiss home of silvered gray logs perched on a slope under the frown of the black mountain that towered over the village. Such a tiny cottage, doubly shabby in Louise's eyes as she thought of Bob's home.

Her father came to the door in response to her rap and at sight of her brushed his hand across his eyes as if he couldn't believe that he saw aright.

"Louisa!" What a world of prideful tenderness in his tones as the girl put her arms tenderly about him! After all he was her good, kind father, and she loved him, perhaps she had forgotten, a little, just how much.

"Daddy, such a wonderful thing has happened," Louise went on to explain impetuously, as she seated her father in his comfortable rocker and drew a stool to his knee. Could she explain and make him understand without hurting him?



"You see, we presented our school play in Georgetown last night, and it made such a hit. There's a wonderful young man traveling with us—and I think he's learning to love me, Daddy. He's coming here today."

"Any one my Louvisa lofes is welcome," Willy Alder said, wistful eyes upon her.

"But, Daddy, he is so rich and our little home is so poor. Do you think he will love me when he sees me here? I just can't bear to think that I may lose him. If you had only married Miss Smutz—"

"You shall not lose him. I shall go to Miss Smutz."

"Oh, Daddy, are you sure you really want to?"

"Of course, if it will make my Louvisa happy."

With a queer, rolling dignity, he passed into his bedroom; and, her emotions in a tumult, Louise slipped out the back door of the kitchen.

AN Alpine garden with a colorful rockery greeted her, where it made a picturesque spot against the mountain side. A small patch of alfalfa, a kitchen garden, and a strawberry bed, with here and there groups of fig and other fruit trees, occupied the rest of the little hillside plot. It was restful out here. Louise examined the strawberry vines in their sheltered nook. Already, the plants were bearing luscious berries.

As she again approached the house, smothered sobs caught her startled ear and she stole to her father's door in alarm.

"Oh, my Louvisa," he was telling that other "Louvisa" in there—Louise could picture him kneeling before the portrait of her mother—"I must go to that other woman, when I would haf no odder woman than you, cherie, whom I lofe so much. But you understand. Our Louvisa is ashamed of our poor chalet—I must do it for her. Forgive me—"

ASHAMED? She would drive her father to another woman when he cherished the memory of her mother so tenderly. Louise felt a sickening shame at her own unworthiness to be the

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Joseph Smith— A Modern American Prophet

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

VI

*And now the scene shifts to Harmony, the home of the
Hales in Pennsylvania.*

HARMONY is a town of some two or three hundred inhabitants—all farmers, and new in the country, at that. The word "settlement," though, would perhaps be a better word than "town," as a description of the place. For it has but a scattered population, the farm houses being separated mostly by wide spaces. Nevertheless, the twenty-odd houses, however wide apart they may be, form a group by themselves, when taken in connection with the great stretch of woodland in this part of the state. Moreover, Harmony is on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna river, which flows sinuously through a part of Pennsylvania and the adjacent state of New York. Just across the stream is the town of Susquehanna—which thinks a great deal of itself on account of its larger number of people and its brighter prospects.

On a farm of ninety-seven acres live the Hales.

THE Hales are one of the important families in Harmony, which ever way you look at them. They were among the first settlers in this part of Pennsylvania—they and the Lewises, relatives. Isaac Hale and his brother-in-law, Nathaniel Lewis, came here about thirty-seven years ago. A yoke of steers pulled all their belongings in a cart. In the cart, too, were the two youthful brides, riding atop of the load, happy in the adventurous life they were enter-

ing upon. The two young husbands walked. High hopes and new love kept their limbs and their hearts from getting tired.

Isaac Hale has the reputation of being "a mighty hunter." It has come down from those early days when, if it had not been for his long carbine and his sure aim, both the Hales and the Lewises would have died of starvation. But as it was they all survived, thanks to his skill, and took a part—albeit a reluctant part—in a work that was to make the Hale name known in the coming years. They have it in their power, as we shall see farther on in this story, to make that name more honorable still.

AT the time Joseph Smith betakes himself, with the precious plates of the Book of Mormon, to the former home of his wife, the Hale family comprises the father, the mother, and nine children, whose ages range from thirty-two to twenty-one.

Not many families that have published their genealogies can boast as long a line of sturdy ancestors as the Hales. The first Hale came from England to America early in the seventeenth century. His name, however, was not Hale, but Heald. Somehow or other it had got itself altered in spelling on the way between that first American and the father of Emma. It is a way that names had in those unstable days. Between that first Heald and Emma Hale there lay

thirty-nine colonial forebears—mostly Puritans, who never compromised with sin. And so, when Joseph Smith took to wife the beautiful and highly intelligent Emma Hale, large of body and dark of eye, he was in fact getting a rare bargain. But so was she, for that matter. For his thirty-four American ancestors all but matched her thirty-nine, and fully matched them in colonial and Puritan character. These seventy-three pillars of society were well worth having back of you and your wife.

JOSEPH and Emma's courtship completely lived up to what the great Shakespear says of all true love—it did not run "smooth." Indeed, it had been rough.

You see, Joseph's reputation, but not his character, had gone before him to Pennsylvania. This reputation had not counted with Emma. She was content with his fine figure, his handsome bearing, and his magnetic personality—as what girl would not be? But not so the father. The young man who was applying for the hand of his daughter bore the name of being visionary. And who would want a son-in-law who was always seeing things that were invisible to other people?

AS a matter of fact, Joseph had come into the neighborhood as a "money digger." That is what his enemies say. Josiah Stool had brought him there to see if there was anything to be got out of an old Spanish mine not far from where the Hales lived. If the whole truth were known—which it is not,—it might very well appear that Stool was attempting to profit from the young man's gift of seership. At all events, Joseph went to Harmony, and there he had found love instead of gold.

That was in October, 1825.

When the young couple after a year of courtship, decided to marry and so informed the family, the father made serious objections. But the lovers, nothing daunted, were determined that the ceremony should go on anyway. So they went across the line into New York State, and there the wedding took place. Joseph had just turned twenty-two. Emma was in her twenty-third year. She was therefore exactly one year, five months,

and thirteen days older than her husband.

And now, at the end of the year 1827, all family difficulties patched up, Joseph and Emma are back under the Hale roof.

ESTABLISHED in the home of his father-in-law, Joseph almost immediately sets to work on his literary task. Between the time of his arrival at Harmony, in December, 1827, and the following month of February, he copies "a considerable number" of the strange characters on the golden leaves of the Nephite Record, and, by means of the urim and thummim, he translates some of them.

One day in this latter month who should turn up in Harmony but his old friend Martin Harris. Martin Harris, a man twenty-three years older than the young seer, has been lured to Pennsylvania by a strange power, just as a steel filing is attracted to a magnet. The chances are that, if you were to ask him what drew him hither, he would say it was curiosity. And, to tell the simple truth, Martin Harris is not deficient in this quality.

THIS forty-five year-old farmer cannot rest till he knows whether Joseph Smith really has any gold plates, as rumor suspects he has, on which is written in an unknown tongue the history of an extinct people. For, if it can be shown that he has such a record, as Martin Harris very well knows, then it is credible that he has seen an angel. How else can the sacred book be accounted for?

Harris's interest in the matter has been piqued by his wife—who also is not devoid of curiosity. She has

been telling him all along that he is superstitious, that he is wasting his time and his money in nursing any concern over the purported visions of Joseph Smith. All the same, she herself is secretly just as curious about those same visions as her husband. For how, otherwise, can one explain certain visits made by Mrs. Harris to Mother Smith and her sly offers of help in the way of money?

M**MARTIN'S** curiosity, on seeing the copy Joseph has made of the characters on the plates, is whetted to a sharp edge. What would the learned linguists of New York City say about these characters, with the translation of them? And will Joseph let him take the transcripts to some scholars in that town to see what they will say?

Joseph will—and does.

So Harris makes a journey to the New York metropolis at his

own expense to consult the learned. Poor befuddled Martin, had he but known it, might have saved himself all this bother. For, at bottom, it is like asking the man on the street whether what Jesus says about loving your neighbor is true after all, when it is in the power of every one to find that out for himself, and that, too, very easily. But, anyhow, that is what Harris does.

H**E** calls on a Professor Anthon and a certain Dr. Mitchell, two noted specialists in ancient languages. Just what these men tell him is hard to say. Martin Harris says one thing, and the professors say another thing. You cannot believe both. And so, rather than enter into a long argument over the matter—for a long argument it would be and would really get us nowhere in the end—we may as well dismiss once for all what both parties say, and go to the outstanding fact in the situation.

That fact is that Martin Harris has been convinced by something they said or did or left unsaid or undone that Joseph Smith is not a fraud, but a teller of the truth. *Martin Harris returns to Harmony, with his mind made up to help the young seer in every way he can.* It is a hard fact to get round. For Martin went there with his mind open. He wanted to know. He had no prejudice one way or another, so far as appears on the surface. As a matter of fact, it would be greatly to his advantage, from a worldly point of view, to learn that there was nothing to the claims of his young friend of having seen an angel. And then, after a conversation with each of

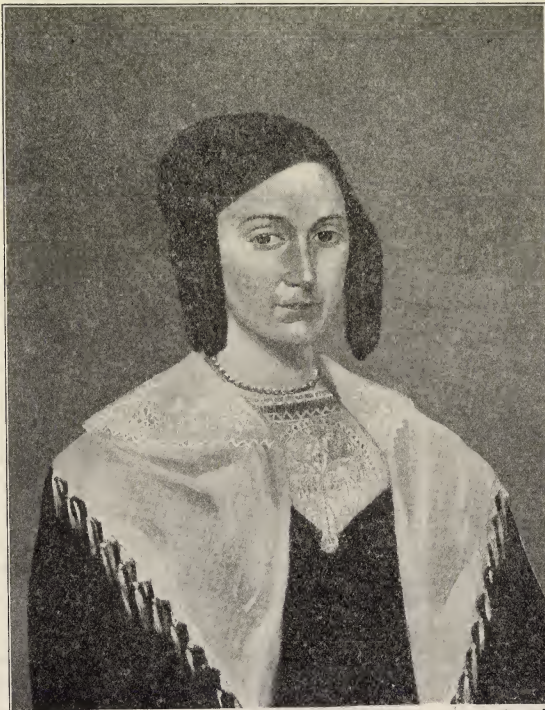


Photo by Courtesy of Herald Pub. Co., Independence, Mo.
EMMA HALE SMITH

these two scholars, he comes back to Joseph and offers himself as scribe to him in the work of translation.

It is very hard to explain away that fact.

BY this time it is near the middle of April. How the time does fly! Joseph has now had the ancient record almost seven months, and no headway has yet been made towards a translation of it. But there is in reality no great need to hurry.

A room for the purpose is got in the part of the Hale residence which Joseph and Emma occupy. A heavy curtain is hung up in one section of it, so as to separate the translator and his literary helper. This is to take precautions that no one but Joseph has even a peep at the golden volume. For Moroni, as you remember, very strictly enjoined him not to show it to any one without special permission to do so.

SO there, on the one side of the curtain, sits the twenty-two-year-old seer, with the plates before him and his piercing blue eyes on the strange stones set in a silver bow; and there, on the opposite side of the curtain, sits the forty-five-year-old farmer, pen in hand and a bottle of ink in front of him, ready to take down whatever words may come from behind the screen. Outside is a great quiet, which is broken occasionally by the barking of a dog, the mooing of a cow, or the shout of a farmer, depending on the time of day or night it is.

Two months go by, during which Joseph dictates from behind the curtain a story as strange as any you can read in fiction, and Martin sets down on some sheets of foolscap the exact words of the young seer in the very best penmanship his undisciplined fingers can write. This goes on, day after day and night after night—for both translator and clerk are extremely anxious to get the task done as quickly as possible—till one hundred sixteen pages are ready for the printer. The work is progressing nicely.

And then it comes to a sudden halt.

VERY gradually, but very certainly, as the marvelous story of the ancient Nephites unfolds itself before the eyes of his imagination, a transformation takes

place in Martin Harris' soul. Naturally skeptical in disposition, he is at last convinced beyond any doubt that he is really engaged in a divine work. He knows how impossible it is for his young friend, a poor country boy without education, to make all this up in his head. The wonderful things he has been setting down on paper, coming on top of what the two scholars told him about the characters he had submitted to them, altogether remove from his mind the last lingering question as to the existence of the strange book and its origin.

But Harris is pitting his time and money against great odds. His wife thinks he is a fool, and does not hesitate to tell him so. Her sister, Mrs. Cobb, his brother Preserved, and even his mother and father believe the same thing of him; and they frankly tell him that at his age he ought to know better than to waste his time and means following a mere boy with too much imagination. But Martin Harris, who likes to think his own thoughts and to go his own way in life, pays no heed to the head-shakings and jeers of his relatives. At least, he does not let it appear that he does.

If Joseph Came

IF Joseph came to see now
Our Zion in the west,
The city we have built to him
Against the mountain crest,—

How many things to show him in
This valley of our peace.
The seed we sowed in pain and want
Has yielded rich increase:

The dusk would now be gathering
In silent-rising seas;
The houses would be vanishing
Among a million trees.

The Valley is a sea of stars!
Small lights in homes we know.
A golden web of organ chords
Goes weaving to and fro.

'Tis music of the names we love,
'Tis Israel's songs we sing,
The mountain hymns, the glorious hymns,
That set our hearts a-wing.

And round us rise the mountain walls
Of everlastingness.
Security girds round our hearts.
And heights all measureless.

And blue is Heaven above us,
An endless star-nailed dome.
—Is it well, dear Prophet?—Here
We have built a home.

—Anna Musser.

NEVERTHELESS, like nearly every one else, he is not entirely at peace while his friends are laughing at him. In fact he is greatly disturbed in his mind. He would give anything to prove to them that they are mistaken in their views of Joseph and his visions. And he firmly believes that if they could only read the details of the wonderful story he is setting down on those sheets of foolscap day after day, they, too, would believe and try to find some way to help the Cause.

One time an idea occurs to him. Maybe Joseph will let him take the manuscript to his home in Palmyra to show his folks. Anyhow, it will do no harm to ask. So he asks Joseph to inquire of the Lord whether or not he may do that. This happened after the two had gone a considerable way in the book.

Joseph does so, and receives the answer that he is not to allow the manuscript to go out of his hands.

THAT settles the matter for a time. But as the story gets more and more interesting, Harris becomes more and more anxious. Also he hates to give up. So he importunes his friend to ask again. Joseph dislikes to do that, for he has had an experience or two in the same line and he hesitates to repeat it. At the same time, he does not like to hurt the feelings of a friend. Joseph is like that. And so, in the end, his resolution breaks down under the pleading of Martin.

The answer is the same, and there the matter rests again for a while.

AS time goes on, however, the idea rises once more in Harris' mind—if indeed it has ever lain down. It may well be that Martin has recently read a parable in the New Testament about a man being unwilling to rise from his bed to give away, for friendship's sake, three loaves of bread, but does so on account of his friend's importunity. At any rate, Harris acts on the suggestion. Will Joseph inquire but this once. It is a small thing, but fraught with great concern to him. And again Joseph consents, chiefly on account of the man's importunity.

Strange to say, the answer this time is yes. But there are conditions. Harris is to show the writing only to five persons, who

are named—his wife, his brother, his father and mother, and Mrs. Cobb.

Martin is happy. Joseph, however, has very grave misgivings. He does not feel right about it all. So, in order to bind his friend the more firmly in the situation, he puts him under a solemn covenant not to show the manuscript to any one whatsoever other than the five persons named. After which Martin leaves for Palmyra, with the sacred writing in his pocket.

JOSEPH has committed a grievous error. He knows that now. His sin is two-fold: He has needlessly wearied the Lord with importunities, trampled under his feet the instruction of his Tutor given him over and over again, and he has set at naught the counsels of God to follow the dictates of his own will and carnal desires. That is what he has done, for one thing. And then, for another thing, he has put in jeopardy the work of two months. He has put himself in the power of wicked men. He has delayed the translation. Maybe Martin will lose the manuscript, even.

Joseph is therefore not at all surprised when the Angel of the Record appears to him and takes from him not only the sacred plates, but the urim and thummim as well!

HARRIS will be gone ten days or two weeks. It is understood that he will return and take up the work of translation. Meantime, Joseph must stay in Harmony and eat out his heart in repentance and sorrow. Most of his time he works on the Hale farm. But his mind is not on his work. It is rather with Martin Harris and the sacred script.

Why did he ever yield to Martin's importunities?

There is no peace of mind for him here. So he decides to go on a visit to his folk in Manchester. That is the reason he gives to his wife and to himself. But the real reason is that he feels, now more than ever, that something is going to happen to that manuscript, and he is determined to be where he can be of some help in case of necessity.

Nor was Joseph's apprehensions unfounded, as we shall see in the next chapter.

(To be continued)

Rear Seat Driving

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, *President of Brigham Young University*

EVERYONE who rides in an automobile has had experience with rear seat driving. This type of thing has become so annoying that it is the basis of a good deal of joking and no end of real sarcasm. Every person who drives an automobile is eager to become as proficient as possible, but he resents being nagged at by someone sitting in the rear seat who is constantly giving instructions as to when to shift gears, which way to turn out to avoid rocks, and when to honk the horn. I once knew of a man who became so exasperated at his wife who was directing from the rear seat that he finally told her to come up and drive the car home and he would walk.

The principle of the rear seat driving seems to run pretty generally through all the activities of life. There are those individuals who will not let a driver operate the machine in his own way but insist on finding fault and giving directions. Strange to say, these rear seat drivers are usually just as sensitive as anyone else when they themselves are at the wheel.

ONE type of rear seat driver that I consider most disagreeable is the one who will not allow the person who is at the wheel in Church affairs to drive in his own way. These individuals are never satisfied with the way the Sunday School superintendent conducts the services. They are particularly anxious to say how the bishop should run the ward; they do not go to the bishop in the spirit of helpfulness and make constructive suggestions, but are all the time complaining to everybody about how things are done. If these rear seaters have a position themselves, they are not satisfied to spend their energies working at their own job but are always thinking of the man in the seat ahead and giving suggestions as to how he should do his job. And they usually blame their own lack of success on the man above them in authority.

Of course, those at the head of the Church come in for their share of direction. There is complaint at the way the tithing is spent, the persons who are selected to direct the missions, those who are placed in local positions; in fact, to the

rear-seat-driver type of individual the man at the wheel is always doing the wrong thing.

WHEN I was a boy, my father used to talk constantly to us about the dangers of finding fault with those in authority. He used to say, "You may think you are able to do the job better than the man who is in charge, but you had better support him while he is holding the reins and wait until such time as you have a position to demonstrate to the world just how the thing should be done." He used to emphasize the fact that fault finding in the Church, if persisted in, is sure to lead to apostasy.

Since those childhood days, I have observed that this applies pretty much to every activity, as well as to Church work. The person in a business organization who cannot support those over him is sure sooner or later to kick himself out of the organization. I have noticed that assistants in educational institutions who are constantly giving directions to the head of the department, instead of caring for their own jobs, will eventually find themselves without an invitation to ride with the one who is at the wheel.

IT is my good pleasure to have frequent dealings with the authorities of the Church, and I have always found them to be men of the highest principles. The very fact that they have the responsibility of office gives them ability beyond their natural power, so that if they have weaknesses these are likely to be over-ruled and their better selves brought forward in the discharge of their calling. Of course, as I sit in the rear seat and watch them driving, there are cases in which I might turn around a stone in the road to the right where they turned to the left, but I usually find that their better view of the stone, because of their front seat position, makes them right and me wrong. But even if I were right, I believe the part of wisdom is for me to let them drive their way and then if I have any monopoly on being the best driver in the world I can demonstrate this to those who are riding with me when I am at the wheel.

Psychology of Faith

By P. JOSEPH JENSEN
Of the Church Historian's Office

THE Apostle Paul defines faith as "The assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Hebrews 11:1). In order to show various phases of meaning of the word faith or belief as it is used by different writers, we quote the following: "Belief is the acceptance without objective proof of what purports to be fact or truth. It is an hypothesis to be tested out in experience. Once a thing is proved there is no longer a place for belief; we then know." (Betts, "The Beliefs of 700 Ministers," p. 13.) "There is one type of experience which has been variously classed as an idea, an emotion, and a tendency toward behavior; that experience is what we describe by the term belief. * * * Belief as a form of thought grows out of the harmony between a present idea or percept and earlier ideas or percepts. Thus, one can believe any suggested idea which does not conflict with past experiences." (Judd. *Psychology*, 1910, p. 298.)

THE last two definitions make belief synonymous with thought in which the power of imagination suggests a meaning. But the first definition conveys the consciousness of being aware of the external world impressing the mind, as will later appear more clearly. This distinction is fundamental and should be constantly kept in mind.

That faith is a fundamental in religion is made clear by the following; "But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that (that is, a revealer to those who) diligently seek him." (Hebrews 11:6.) "More blessed are they who shall believe in your words because that ye shall testify that ye have seen me, and that ye know that I am." (III Nephi 12:2.) And from the

other so-called scientific-thought-point-of-view belief is necessary, as seen in the following: "In the very nature of things the fundamental elements in religion are not capable of objective proof. They must forever remain in the realms of belief. For example, the idea of a Supreme Being lies at the very heart of religion, yet how can one give objective proof of this Being?" (Betts p. 13.) Man can not by scientific research or experimentation prove the existence and character of God as is also suggested in Ziphar's question, "canst thou by searching find out God?" (Job 11:7.) These latter two quotations are consistent with the true spirit of scientific thought but do not mean that man through prayer and obedience to God's will may not come to a knowledge of his existence and character and that he could not come to man and make himself known to him. (Doc. and Cov. 93:1.) Faith, then, as a fundamental principle in religion suggests a theological and a social religion. As Dr. Miligan says in substance, "religion is your conception of the universe which follows science." That is, it is subjective fundamentally. While theological religion is objective.

EXPERIENCE teaches me that looking at abstract subjects from different angles is clarifying. For that reason we quote below statements which show the conclusions of men's judgment on the nature of mind. And then in order to see more clearly the psychology of faith in the theological sense, we shall consider our psychological constitution and nature in the light of the teachings of Jesus Christ and his prophets.

The sets of factors in our psychological makeup may be represented in an outline form by the telephone system. In this illustration the operator is to represent the mind, the switch-board the brain,

and the wires from an office to "central" and from "central" to home the sensory and motor nerves, while the electric current which charges the wires may represent the nerve energy which for the eye the light wave serves as a stimulus and for the ear the airway.

PSYCHOLOGISTS do not differ on the above general plan nor with the last three of the sets of factors because they are objective and known to science. But there are wide differences of opinion on the first factor—the mind, because it is not objective to the senses as the following quotations will show: "What then is mind? It is quite likely that we should be better off if the word could be abolished from the literature of the sciences which study the attributes of animals because of the difficulty of assigning to it a definite meaning." (Parmelee, *The Science of Human Behavior*, pp. 322, 323.) "Man is an animal born with certain definite types of structure. Having this kind of structure, he is forced to respond to stimuli at birth in certain ways (for example, breathing, heart-beat, sneezing and the like.) This repertoire of responses is in general the same for each of us. Yet there exists a certain amount of variation in each—the variation is probably merely proportional to the variation there is in structure (including in structure, of course, chemical constitution). It is the same repertoire now that it was when the genus homo first appeared many millions of years ago. Let us call this group of reactions, man's unlearned behavior." (John B. Watson, *Psychologies of 1925*, pp. 1, 2.)

"The first and foremost concrete fact which every one will affirm to belong to his inner experience is the fact that consciousness of some sort goes on. 'States

of mind' succeed each other in him. If we could say in English 'it thinks,' as we say 'it rains' or 'it blows' we should be stating the fact most simply and with the minimum of assumption. As we cannot, we must simply say that thought goes on." (James, *Psychology*, Briefer Course, p. 152.) "The 'states of mind' which every psychologist believes in are by no means clearly apprehensible, or distinguished from their objects. But to doubt them lies beyond the scope of our natural science point of view. And in this book the provisional solution which we have reached must be the final word: the thoughts themselves are the thinkers." (James, p. 216.) "Some day the historian of thought will write it down as one of the curious fallacies of immature science that certain physiologists, biologists, and even psychologists, were satisfied to call their own personalities mere by-products without essential significance in the world, just because they did not find consciousness capable of description in the regular scientific formulas adopted for the discussion and explanation of external reality. One hardly knows how to find phrases in which to answer those who hold consciousness to be less real and potent than physical forces. Certainly, nature has protected and conserved consciousness throughout the whole development of the animal kingdom. Certainly, the world is different because consciousness has been evolved." (Judd, *Psychology*, 1910, p. 621.) "Let it not then add anything to that which it knows itself to be, when it is bidden to know itself. For it knows, at any rate, that this is said to itself; namely, to itself, that is, and that lives, and that understands. * * * Who ever doubts that he himself lives, and remembers, and understands, and wills, and thinks, and knows, and judges? * * * by some inward, not feigned, but true presence (for nothing is more present to it than itself.)" (Saint Augustine, *Classical Psychologists*, Rand, pp. 132-135.) "I think, therefore I am." (Rene Descartes.) "He (the Creator) put intelligence in soul and soul in body." (Plato *Timaeus*, Vol. 2, p. 464. Translated by Jowett.)

THE foregoing quotations are representative of the judgment of man concerning mind with possibly the exception of the last. For, on another page Plato says in substance, "We should not doubt the fathers' word concerning God for they tell us they held frequent communication with him."

LET me say, if any of our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion, if we and they shall live always in the fear of God and shall respect His commandments, if we and they shall maintain just moral sentiments and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, we may have the highest hopes of the future of our country. But if we and our posterity reject religious instructions and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality or recklessly destroy political instruction which holds us together, then no man knows when a sudden catastrophe may overwhelm us.—
Daniel Webster.

Now let us turn to the theological teachings concerning man's mind. This point of view is dependent on faith in the fact that God, the Creator of man, speaks to his prophets and tells them of fundamentals concerning man's psychical constitution and nature. To such instructions we now turn.

"Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be.

* * * The glory of God is intelligence, or in other words, light and truth." (Doc. and Cov. 93:29, 36.) "The word of the Lord is truth and whatsoever is truth is light and whatsoever is light is Spirit." (Doc. and Cov. 84:45.) "All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes. We can not see it; but when our bodies are purified, we shall see that it is all matter." (Doc. and Cov. 131:7, 8.)

THE foregoing quotations give us to understand that there is a spirit-matter called intelligence which like the elements or matter are eternal. This spirit or intelligence matter in God has the attribute of truth which is defined as the "Knowledge of things

as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come." (Doc. and Cov. 93:24.) Man is literally a spirit-child of God and therefore inherits in embryo his attributes, one of which is to know. That is, this spirit-thing intelligence inherently possesses the attribute to know another thing, or be aware. Furthermore it has the attribute to act as the following will show: "All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence." (Doc. and Cov. 93:30.) We therefore have in the word of the Creator or Organizer of man that intelligence is and its two attributes are knowing and acting. And we can remove the "if" in the question of Dr. James and can say, it thinks, as in English we say, It rains.

IN order to make the attribute of independent action of intelligence stand out more prominently both in animal and man, we quote the following, both for and against:

"The explanation of the simplest act that an animal can present depends first upon the specific irritability of certain elements of the body surface, and second upon the relations of symmetry of the body. Symmetrical elements at the surface of the body have the same irritability, unsymmetrical elements have a different irritability. Those nearer the oral pole possess an irritability greater than that of the aboral pole. These circumstances force an animal to orient itself toward a source of stimulation in such a way that symmetrical points on the surface of the body are stimulated equally. In this way the animals are led without will of their own either toward the source of the stimulus or away from it." (Loeb, *Comparative Psychology*, p. 7.)

On the other side of the question Jennings says: "All together there is no evidence of the existence of differences of fundamental character between the behavior of the Protozoa and that of the lower Metazoa. The study of behavior lends no support to the view that the life activities are of an essentially different character in the Protozoa and the Metazoa. The behavior of the Protozoa appears to be no more

and no less machine-like than that of the Metazoa, similar principles govern both." (Jennings, Behavior of the Lower Organisms, p. 263.)

CONCERNING the question whether the behavior of the lower organisms is conscious or unconscious, Jennings says: "If one thinks these questions through for such an organism as Paramecium, with all its limitations of sensitiveness and movement it appears to the writer than an affirmative answer must be given to the first of the above questions, and a negative one to the second. Suppose that this animal were conscious to an extent as its limitations seem to permit. Suppose that it could feel a certain degree of pain when injured; that it received certain sensations from alkali, others from acids, others from solid bodies, etc., * * * would it not be natural for it to act as it does? That is, can we not, through our consciousness, appreciate its drawing away from things that hurt it, its trial of the environment when the conditions are bad, its attempting to move forward in various directions, till it finds one where the conditions are not bad, and the like? To the writer it seems that we can. (Behavior of the Lower Organisms, p. 336.)

"Kohler's chimpanzees solved their problems not by trial and error; the correct solution was not slowly and painfully selected out of a number of inexpedient movements, the correct activity began abruptly from a stage of deliberation, continued in an unbroken curve, and took place always with regard to the relevant part of the situation. It was not a product of chance, neither were these actions instinctive." (Koffla, Psychologies of 1925, p. 136.)

"When teaching children we can only give some favorable conditions or 'Marks' for the new things which the child has to 'learn' and the child has always to furnish something from his side which we may call 'understanding' and which sometimes seems to rise suddenly, corresponding to the marks given by us. Nobody can simply pour it into the child." (Kohler, Psychologies of 1925, p. 159, Intelligence of Apes.)

HOW does action with man in the form of locomotion take place? In some respects like the street car or automobile moves when the current is turned on or the explosion of the gas by combustion occurs. There is one fundamental difference, namely, the latter are driven by the energy or pushed, while the individual

*N*OW, as I said concerning faith—that it was not a perfect knowledge—even so it is with my words. Ye cannot know of their surety at first, unto perfection, any more than faith is a perfect knowledge.

But behold, if ye will awake and arouse your faculties, even to an experiment upon my words, and exercise a particle of faith, yea, even if you can no more than desire to believe, let this desire work in you, even until ye believe in a manner that ye can give place for a portion of my words. * * *

Now, if ye give place, that a seed may be planted in your heart, behold, if it be a true seed, or a good seed * * * it will begin to swell within your breasts. (Alma 32:26-28.)

possesses the attribute of choosing or rejecting to act. The energy by which the locomotion occurs is stored in the nerve cell as the following indicates: "Sleep must be a condition in which these cells are supplied with nutrition and return to their normal state of energy and activity." (Judd, Psychology, 1910, p. 330.) Hence the mind has access to, can use the energy stored in the nerve cell to bring about locomotion but whether the action occurs or does not is dependent on the other attribute, the power of being conscious in the sense of belief. As Dr. James says: "We desire to feel, to have, to do, all sorts of things which at the moment are not felt, had, or done. If with the desire there goes a sense that attainment is not possible, we simply wish; but if we believe that the end is in our power, we will that the desired feeling, having, or doing shall be real." (Psychology, Briefer Course, p. 415.) That is, belief becomes the "moving cause" of the action locomotion of which it is typical of all intelligent action.

We have now considered man's psychical constitution and nature

on the two attributes, knowing and willing, and it is our purpose next to see how faith in God arises as defined by Paul.

THERE is the Spirit of God, a means of communication between him and his children as stated in the following: "The Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit; and every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father; and the Father teacheth him of the covenant which he has renewed and confirmed upon you." (Doc. and Cov. 84:46-48.)

The importance of this means of communication between God and man, this enlightening Spirit, is emphasized by the following negative statement: "It is error and the lack of knowledge of God's laws and God's will that leaves men in the world on a par with the brute creation: for they have no higher instincts, no higher principle, no higher incentive, no higher aspiration than the brute world if they have not some inspiration that comes from a higher source than man himself." (Joseph F. Smith, Conference Report, April, 1904, p. 4.) Anthropologists give indirect evidence for this in their observations among the Indians of southern South America where civilization is at the lowest degree of any place known on the earth. And the Book of Mormon tells of the ancestors of the Indians being a highly civilized people. About 400 A. D. Mormon, the Nephite historian, says, "I fear lest the Spirit hath ceased striving with them," referring to the Nephites. (Moroni 8:28.)

OUR Lord said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." (John 10:27.) To others he said, "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep." (John 10:26.) These two groups of people were of the same Jewish race. The former had given heed to this enlightening Spirit in their lives prior to hearing our Lord teach them but the latter had not. Psychologically speaking, that Spirit has given an impression for

a reaction or an experience that develops into an interpretive concept of spiritual facts which were the truths that our Lord taught his followers. Just as quoted above, "every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father; and the Father teacheth him of the covenant," which is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the first four principles being faith, repentance, baptism, and the Gift of the Holy Ghost. By means of the fourth principle, confirmation, we are enabled to understand what our Lord told his disciples saying: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." (John 14:16, 17.) "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." (John 14:26.)

BY means of the Spirit of God and the Holy Ghost, the latter a personage of spirit and a member of the Godhead and giving to man greater light, "the eye is enlightened and the understanding quickened." (Doc. and Cov. 88:11) which as Joseph Smith says: "A person may profit by noticing the first intimation of the Spirit of revelation: for instance, when you feel pure intelligence flowing into you, it will give you sudden strokes of ideas, so that by noticing it, you may find it fulfilled the same day or soon, that is, those things that were presented by the Spirit of God, will come to pass; and thus by learning the Spirit of God and understanding it, you may grow into the principle of revelation, until you become perfect in Christ Jesus." (History Church, Vol. 3, p. 381.)

The Spirit of God strives with man, and it may cease to strive with him. It is so universal in its striving that some psychologists have said there is a religious instinct, but that evidently is not an inherent attribute of man's

psychical constitution. Faith in its theological meaning is not on a different plan, psychologically speaking, than knowledge. In the latter the light-wave from a tree, e. g., impresses the mind through the eye and the mind responds—a tree. In the former the written or spoken word of a servant of God impresses the mind but *an enlightened mind and quickened understanding* and the mind as such responds, I believe your word or testimony concerning God. To illustrate with the written word, when reading the account of the miraculous event of the resurrection of Jesus Christ the enlightened mind believes it as a historical fact. That is, the written account is a stimulus impressing a mind prepared with an understanding or interpretive concept direct from God. To such a mind it is evidence of things not seen, or faith.

THIS quickening light also possesses the attribute of power. Our Lord said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye

can say unto this mountain, remove, and it will be removed." (Matt. 17:20.) It is "the power by which all things are governed." (Doc. and Cov. 88:43.) It is to be used in righteousness only as seen above in the gaining of faith in God or a testimony of his existence. But by man perfecting himself in the sight of God he may use it miraculously as the following instance from the Book of Mormon shows. The Lord speaking to Nephi, said: "I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye seal on this earth shall be sealed in heaven * * * and if ye shall say that God shall smite this people, it shall come to pass" * * * "O Lord, rather let there be a famine in the land to stir them up unto remembrance of the Lord their God." * * * "And so it was done according to the words of Nephi." (Helema 10:7, 10; 11:4, 5.)

It is this doing phase which gives the proof—the perfecting of faith in God. As our Lord says, "If ye keep my word ye shall know the truth." Hence faith in God in the theological sense is not primarily an hypothesis but first, personal revelation—experience direct from God, and second, from the spoken or written word of his servant authorized to teach it. Historically this is true, beginning with Adam the first man, and in the restorations of the Gospel in the several dispensations. Psychologically it is true for the individual who has a testimony and who introspects his personal experiences. Faith in the theological sense, we repeat, is on the same plan as knowledge—mind being impressed by external stimuli. The difference is in the stimuli. God is not present to the senses like a tree but his spirit and the words of his servants impress the mind as the light-wave from a tree through the eye impresses the mind. Furthermore conduct that proves faith, including miraculous events and locomotion or walking are on the same plan. The difference lies in the energy or power used. For walking the energy is from food stored in the nerve cell which the mind can use, while for faith in God the light and power is direct from him which may be used in righteousness.

FOR you shall live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God.

For the word of the Lord is truth, and whatsoever is truth is light, and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

And the Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit. (Doc. and Cov. 84:44-46.)

Jesus speaking to the Nephites said: Blessed are ye if ye shall give heed unto the words of these twelve whom I have chosen from among you to minister unto you, and to be your servants; and unto them I have given power that they may baptize you with water; and after that ye are baptized with water, behold, I will baptize you with fire and with the Holy Ghost; therefore blessed are ye if ye shall believe in me and be baptized, after that ye have seen me and know that I am.

And again, more blessed are they who shall believe in your words because that ye shall testify that ye have seen me, and that ye know that I am. Yea, blessed are they who shall believe in your words, and come down into the depths of humility and be baptized, for they shall be visited with fire and with the Holy Ghost, and shall receive a remission of their sins. (3 Nephi 12:1, 2.)

Northwestern States Mission

By JOSEPH H. PAGE

Adopted Slogan:

"Wasting time is sinful. Truly realizing God gives us time in which to do work of improvement, I therefore resolve to use it to the best advantage for my spiritual, intellectual, moral and physical development, having in mind at all times the tenet of our faith—'We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous and in doing good to all men—if there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things'."

THERE they are—telling the same old story in the same old way and there is nothing to it," were the remarks of one man as he listened to some "Mormon" missionaries on the corner of Fourth and Alder in Portland, Oregon. The testimonies received by those engaged in missionary work prove beyond a doubt the above statement false. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Outstanding in spiritual wealth—the Caravan to the Cardston Temple is perhaps the greatest. Each year in July the missionaries who have been in the field a year or more and all the Saints who can make the journey spend two days doing work for the dead at the "Temple City." Those attending the Caravans have performed the following number of ordinances in the last four years, proof of the extent of the work which is increasing in importance each year: baptisms—3656; endowments—3767; ordinations—1613; sealings—560; children to parents—1225; adoptions—7. The spiritual growth of those who take advantage of this opportunity has a splendid influence in every section of the mission, imparting to others the great need of this work.

THE missionaries who return home still retain the spirit of this event and in companies make regular visits to the Salt Lake and Logan Temples. Recently one group wrote to Pres. W. R. Sloan asking for one hundred names. J. C. Westergard, oldest member in the mission and very much interested in genealogical work, furnished the names. Bro. Westergard thirty-four years ago spent two days in searching for two missionaries sent here to open up

the work, but who because of the prejudice towards the Church, published in one of the leading newspapers, intended leaving town. Having found them he assisted all he could in the work and has seen the mission grow to what it is now. "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters—Thinking Not 'Tis Thrown Away." The same newspaper is now publishing articles of truth about the Church.

The branch organizations are producing the fruits of the Gospel. One branch for eight months shows an average attendance of more than one hundred at Sunday School, eighty per cent of the officers and teachers have had their endowments, and ninety per cent are tithepayers. At one branch conference a young lady took a group of children out of doors to keep them from disturbing the meeting. After spending fifteen minutes of jovial play she felt impressed to call them back into the building by challenging them for a race up the long flight of stairs. They had no sooner entered the door when a large fire engine crashed against a long line of cars parked immediately in front of the building and was driven over the exact spot where the children had been playing. Many of the members who had, of habit, parked their cars here had driven them elsewhere this particular day. A number of cars were wrecked.

ON December 21, 1929, a small frame house burned to the ground in Walla Walla, Washington, leaving the owner with only the clothes he had on his back and a few articles of furniture saved from the flames. In the midst of the heap of debris was found a combination Book of Mormon, Doctrine & Covenants and Pearl of Great Price, the outer edges burned. The book is being used and the only one saved from the fire.

One minister, and not the only one, uses the Book of Mormon in his sermons, not revealing the name of the book because his congregation would not like it.

A paper printed in Victoria, B. C. published the following as a heading of an article: "We stand

for law, for the people who live it and the officers who enforce it."

FROM a certain salesman the following testimony was heard, regarding the labors of two missionaries doing country work without purse or scrip. "I have followed almost the exact route taken by these young men and they have left a favorable impression in every part of the valley—I should like to meet them."

Often young missionaries have the experience of holding street services alone, many times having a crowd of a hundred or more. In one city where meetings of this character had not been conducted for some time, but after being held, requests for literature were received from a number of sources and favorable comments heard. The captain of the Salvation Army remarked to one of the members, "I wish we could get a young fellow like that." "You can't because they are not found," was the reply.

MANY interesting experiences are in store for the missionary who makes his way along the highway. Upon entering a large car, the traveling missionary was approached with a question like this: "Do you believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God?" The elder was somewhat stunned at the abruptness of the question, but happy to bear his testimony that he knew Joseph Smith was God's first prophet in this dispensation and after giving reason for such received this assuring reply: "So do I." After riding a number of miles the gentleman's identity was known and although a Congregationalist he had lived among the "Mormon" people and was ready to defend them. Such experiences give the missionary new life and determination in his efforts to spread the Gospel truths he knows will eventually overcome error.

The slogan at the first of the article—in card form—is presented to every missionary in this field, as he enters upon his labor, as a guide and to give him a sense of the responsibilities resting upon him with respect to home, Church and God.



FRANK W. ASPER broadcasting from the Tabernacle

To the Ends of the Western Hemisphere

By

EARL J. GLADE

Managing Director of KSL

A FORMAL organ concert at midnight! Never? Why the public will never stand for it! The only radio broadcasts you hear in the wee small hours are the jazziest kinds of dance orchestras!"

That was the type of greeting we received everywhere when we first proposed the midnight Tabernacle broadcast on Mondays and Wednesdays.

In three short months, however, this unique program has become one of western America's most popular radio presentations. It is especially well received by DX-ers, who, by the way, are radio listeners who go after distance.

The KSL midnight organ recitals are directed by Frank W. Asper. As a rule, there are assisting vocalists or instrumentalists, but the organ is always featured.

Incredible Distance Achieved

IT was indeed a marvelous feat when WGY of Schenectady

talked daily with Admiral Byrd in Little America. But that great station worked on short waves with exceptionally high power. The distance involved was about 10,000 miles.

KSL, working on long waves, is being consistently received in New Zealand upwards of 7,000 miles from Salt Lake. This is not freak reception, as is claimed by some stations, but reception with full speaker strength and positive program verification.

Apparently the signals of the station go out with almost equal strength in each direction, although the fact that there is less interference over the Pacific unquestionably favors that direction. The accompanying cards and letters indicate the dimensions of the

broadcast pattern. There are thousands of these verification notices on file.

Time Difference Vital

WHEN it is winter in Salt Lake it is summer in New Zealand. This fluctuation in climate between the North and South Temperate Zones greatly influences radio reception longitudinally on the globe. The time element is also a factor in view of the fact that radio waves travel so much farther at night than during the day. When it is midnight in Salt Lake, it is 8 P. M. o'clock in Honolulu and about 6 P. M. in New Zealand. The word "about" is used because they are now employing a day-light-saving shift of 30 minutes in the New Zealand time schedule. If, therefore, KSL wants to get into these countries at a desirable time in the evening, it is necessary to work after midnight local time.

In eastern United States, our midnight is, of course, early in the morning. The uninitiated would never believe that there are so many people up and awake as the KSL records indicate.

Organ Popular

I BELIEVE the statement that Salt Lake has the world's most popular organ cannot be successfully refuted. The mere mention of it over the air gets an audience.

During the midnight recitals, Mr. Asper has an opportunity to play a wide variety of numbers with the result that the organ shows at its best. Only the better types of concert music, of course, are presented. Mr. Asper does not choose numbers that were apparently written more to give the composer and organist a work-out than the listeners' enjoyment. And how greatly is this selection appreciated!

The banker in Montreal; the consul in Guatemala City, Central America; the fisherman in Coos Bay, Oregon; the musician in Brooklyn; the farmer in Broken Bow, Nebraska; the trader in Ketchikan, Alaska; the cannery in Honolulu; the minister in Portland; the rancher in Saskatchewan; the liquor dealer in Vancouver; the miner in Montana; the radio manufacturer in Camden, New Jersey; the captains of the trans-Pacific liners and thousands of others applaud Mr. Asper's selections—and his playing—in their letters.

The midnight hour has no connection, of course, with the Tabernacle Choir broadcast over the N. B. C. network. All reception notices concerning the midnight broadcast pick up KSL direct.

Salt Lake, A Cultural Center

BROADCASTING, in the opinion of many, is a tremendous factor in establishing the fact of Utah culture to the world. It is estimated that now 10,000,000 people once a week hear the Tabernacle organ and choir. Hundreds of thousands also listen in on other local broadcasts. It is little wonder, therefore, that when I asked the management of the National Broadcasting Company to permit Salt Lake City to furnish the annual N. B. C. radio broadcast of



"Valentine"

By Mary Hale Woolsey

HERE among my treasures few
Hidden through the years,
Sweet with memories of you—
And blotted o'er by tears;
Yellowed now, its paper lace,
By faded roses held in place;
Hearts and darts and flowers
entwine
These words: "To My Valentine."

How its message, tender, dear,
Set my heart aglow
When at first I read it here
In the long-ago:

"Promise that you'll love me true,
For you know I'm fond of you."
(Thus it speaks, in words like wine)
"Say you'll be my Valentine!"

Fickle you!—who soon forgot
All these honeyed phrases!
Turned, without a care or thought,
To new and fairer faces!

You have loved the world across;
I alone have felt love's loss.
Was it ever really mine,
As you said, my Valentine?

But the love I gave to you
Still is in my heart;
Years pass by, but each day's new,
And Hope still claims a part.

Vain, I know—and bid my dreams
Cease—(this also vain, it seems!)
Consolation, though, is mine:
I have been your Valentine!

the oratorio, "The Messiah" which is considered one of the outstanding radio features of the year, they consented. It will cost the National Broadcasting Company thousands of dollars to carry this program from coast-to-coast over its network, but because of her fine reputation, the company was glad to localize this responsibility on Salt Lake City.

And so, the country over, tastes in music are improving. People aren't leaning over backwards affectedly pretending that they like certain kinds of the better music when actually they almost suffer agonies while hearing it. Both the program selectors and the audience are getting together. The result is real progress and radio is the biggest single factor in this forward march.

The Era editors have personally selected the following excerpts from original letters received from the places indicated:

"Auburn, Alabama.

"I heard your Midnight Program dedicated to Australia, Islands of the Pacific, and ships at sea, last night at 1:15 (Central Standard Time). You were broadcasting from the Great Mormon Tabernacle. Reception was fine."

"Mayo, Canada.

"I had great pleasure in listening in on your Midnight Hour Programme last night. My set is a home-made one and the reception was perfect. Your station comes in here better than most and we certainly enjoy your programmes."

"Wasilla, Alaska.

"Last evening, the 11th, your Tabernacle Organ Program came over FINE. We also heard the many letters and messages read. We hear your programs often now. Kindly dedicate a number to the Wasilla Radio Fans."

"Guatemala City, Guatemala.

"I had the pleasure of hearing you on Wednesday, Oct. 15, quite late. I heard a magnificent Organ Recital and they played Chopin's Funeral March, which I enjoyed immensely."

"Honolulu, Hawaii.

"We wish you to know how much we enjoy the hour of music from the great organ in the Mormon temple. The music comes to us so clearly that it is hard to realize we are so far away."

"It is so kind, and thoughtful of others when Salt Lake City shares the pleasure of their great organ with the radio public as it is our most enjoyable radio hour."

"Pamaru, New Zealand.

"Your station has been coming in here very well lately. Although my set uses only four valves, KSL has often been full speaker strength. I particularly enjoy the midnight hour organ recital from the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City."

THERE are really no Old People nowadays! Still, I class Youth as coming between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Within these years much may happen. There are countless joys of which we older people have even forgotten the remembrance; or maybe, in this day the joys are different from what they were when we were young! Youth has an infinite capacity for enjoyment. It can "take the cup" and "waive the rest" and exclaim: "Oh the brave music of a distant drum!"

IT CAN enjoy rushing around, night after night, in a whirligig of pleasure, and look none the worse for it the next day! It can work in a store for eight hours and then dance for four hours, until the small hours of the morning. Even then, its eyes sparkle and its cheeks flush, where our eyes would dim and our cheeks pale! It is wonderful what Youth can endure, from what sources of joy it can drink its full.

There is, however, another side of the picture. If Youth can enjoy, it can also suffer intensely. We who have anything to do with Young People ought to remember this. If we do not we shall never be able to understand them or to help them. When Youth suffers it thinks it is forever. The dark cloud falls on it like a pall, obscuring the sunshine.

"I shall never be happy again," says the girl after her first quarrel. Should we laugh at her? Decidedly not.

REALLY and truly, deep down in her heart, she feels that *never, never* will life be the same. It is tragic.

Some girls do not recover easily. They have been known to commit suicide at such moments. A mother with a real understanding will help her child—but never laugh at her.

Do you remember the times your own heart was broken, irrevocably broken? Maybe it happened ten or twelve times, for Youth is resilient, though it knows this not. Did you suffer at those times? You did!

Even now, looking backwards, you cannot imagine how the human heart could endure so much and live!

Tragedies of Youth

By
MRS. NESTER NOEL

Your girl says: "I wish I were dead. There is nothing to live for in this world. I hope I never wake tomorrow!"

THIS is not the time to preach to her. The thing to do is to distract her, without letting her know you are trying to do this. If she has to earn a living that will help. If she is kept in the house you must show her there are certain tasks you cannot do alone; she will then be forced to come to your assistance. While she is doing one thing, her thoughts are bound to be diverted from her sorrow.

All Youth's tragedies are not love quarrels. There is death which comes, taking those who are nearest and dearest. This is a tragedy even to us. What must it be to Youth! Youth is so buoyant, so full of life, it cannot even contemplate death. When this comes near, Youth staggers under the blow. Death is inexplicable. It is the very antithesis of Youth and, for the time, Youth is crushed, well-nigh annihilated.

WHEN girls and boys lose their parents they are all at sea, at first; yet they do not, even in their most tragic moments, realize what they have lost. It takes a lifetime to understand what a good mother is and would be if only she had been left to us!

The fact that a girl or boy will shed bitter tears over the loss of a dog or cat, and scarcely cry over the loss of a mother does not indicate lack of heart, as relatives often think. There is the grief that lies "too deep for tears."

For a time, I do not think a girl realizes her mother is gone. She

seems to expect to see her, every now and then. It is not that she forgets, but she does not realize. As she opens the door of her house, her loss rushes back to her, and sorrow seems to begin again with each reminder that the mother is not there; that she never will be there any more! I have felt this, and remember. Most of us have felt it, although it was not always for a mother. It may have been for a sweetheart, a friend or a child! We cannot escape this sorrow; but it is doubly tragic when it comes to Youth. When Youth cannot explain a thing it is appalled: there is no other word for it.

SOMETIMES an ambition is thwarted: this too is a tragedy to Youth. Youth sees itself famous. It does not like restrictions. No mother should be callous of her children's ambitions. Her own life may have been wasted; but this is all the more reason why she should fight and sacrifice for her children's success.

Failure even to pass an examination is a tragedy to Youth. So much depended on passing that examination!

"I'll never try again," says the boy or girl.

You know they will try next year, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but, for the time being, Youth in its tragic way, thinks it has failed forever!

It is not always what happens to Youth that makes a tragedy. It is Youth's reaction to each event. Some Young People take for a tragedy what others call a comedy. It is all in the point of view. You, the mother, must enter into your child's feelings and see her point of view! You expect her sometimes to feel for you: but how can she understand middle age? She has never been there. It is an undiscovered country. You, on your side, have been in the Land of Youth, therefore you know what it is like, and you have no excuse!

IT IS sometimes a real tragedy when you take a girl from one country to another. She may like the idea of traveling; but certain roots have struck deep, and these must be pulled up. In two or three days this sorrow will be completely forgotten; but while it lasts it is intense.

This is the matter with Youth—life is always *intense*! It never sees consolation while it suffers, though the sun may be shining just around the corner.

Youth is generally more or less selfish. Can we blame it? We have had our time: it is Youth's turn now. Everything is done for Youth: the stores cater most to Youth, the movies consider them the first, games are for Youth, dances, swimming, theatres! Everywhere Youth is exalted. Even middle age wants to emulate it. Do not our advertisements put in flaring words: "How to look Young though Middle Aged?"

What effect can this have on our Young People except to give them a distorted sense of proportion of their own values?

THE strange thing about the tragedies of youth is their suddenness. We are utterly unprepared for this. Rose spends interminable hours dressing, manicuring her nails, getting her hair marcelled, choosing the flowers she will wear at a dance. She is so excited she can hardly stand still while we help her get ready. Hours later, she returns in tears, vowing she will never go to a dance again! What has happened? That often is her secret! She will not tell you that Jack failed to put in an appearance or that, if he got there, he danced with her only once or twice, and the rest of the time he was absorbed in another girl! These dances often spell tragedy to a girl, for a time, especially if she be sensitive. We know it is only for a time, but nothing we can say will make a girl agree with us. Often she will think us heartless, and say: "Mother, you would never understand anything!" This is hard on us if we really do understand; but do not get hurt at anything your child says in her tragic moments! She probably does not know what she says! Certainly, she will have forgotten when the next joy comes! Recall your own Youth, and put yourself, if possible, in her place!

THE Tragedies of Youth! They are as deep as the ocean, as innumerable as the sands of the desert! There is one thing about them that we must never forget. *They are very real while they last!* 'No woman with an ounce of sense can doubt this. She has only to recall her own past and her once poignant sorrows.

The thing is that we have learned to endure—at least some of us have. Some never learn! Whichever way we look at the minor and major ills of life now, we must remember that to Youth nearly all grief is major! If we can learn this lesson we shall understand our children much better

than we have done in the past. Understanding and loving them, we should be able to offer the right kind of comfort at the right moment. We middle-aged persons ought to use our imaginations, and try, for our children's sakes, to understand the Tragedies of Youth!

If I Can't Go Away on a Vacation

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

WHY not have a vacation sent home to me, on approval?" I asked myself when all those lovely days out in the open with no household cares waved a careless goodbye to me because I have chickens that must have daily care, and a garden. The cooking hadn't stood in my way. John can cook, and he was ready and willing, because he knew how I wanted to take a vacation again, as I used to do days way back when I was an office worker. But my chickens are my hope—and my garden of flowers and vegetables are also my joy. No, I couldn't go away *this* summer but, why not have a vacation sent home to me—on approval? If I don't like it, I won't have to keep it. The thought intrigued me, and I got my paper and pen and set me down to plan.

WHEN the chickens are all set for the day—just what would I love to do? O, I have it. Lie in a hammock in the shade out there neath the great maples, and read, and watch the birds, and maybe think how lucky I am to be a farmer's wife, and not cooped up in a stuffy office, or stuffer apartment in some treeless city—Dream and dream—and dream!

Read? What? Magazines. The magazines that are at home out in the open spaces—not the lurid jazzy ones that make capital of misery and mistakes—or, perhaps I should have said—mistakes—and then misery.—I thought of several without racking my brain at all. Six I had on my list when the reading had been disposed of. And not expensive at all. They

would cost no more than a day in the city with a dinner at my favorite restaurant, and a good movie.

BUT, I can't lie in the hammock every day, all day. It will grow monotonous, I argued. After the hammock—then what? Oh, yes, a glorious hike, with no thought of some household duty waiting impatiently for its turn!

Down on the list went a hiking outfit. Low-heeled walking shoes; hose made for brambles and briars; knickers, shirt, sweater and a visor. Ah, yes, I'd like fishing tackle, for I know a stream, deep and alive with fish, with a great log stretching across in a luscious spot, where I can fish and dream. I seem to be stocking up on dreams—but, I've been too busy to dream for so long, that I've a lot of back work to do.

AND I'll take down the curtains in the whole house; and, I'll—yes, I shall, I'll buy that new oil stove, and—just then John came, and all enthusiasm, I outlined my vacation plans.

"This way I can play about a lot, and still give you and the chickens and the garden the care you need, and it won't be so expensive—"

"Darn cheap," John interrupted, looking up with a grin from the list he had been studying, "so cheap, that I'll have enough to buy that boat Jackson is trying so hard to sell, and we'll drive out to the river on days that we can snatch."

That was this year, and I'm ordering another vacation just like it for next summer!

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

*All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

Success in Ward Priesthood Meetings

THE success of Aaronic Priesthood training and activity depends primarily on two factors: (a) thorough, enthusiastic supervision, and (b) regular weekly meetings, for check-up on performance of Priesthood duties, quorum progress, ward teaching and for lesson work. Under the present arrangement there is no valid reason why these two factors should not be fully applied.

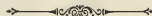
If the ward bishopric realize the significance of the proper direction of the Priesthood members they will select the very best young men, and give them the necessary support in this work. They will also see to it that these men are not interfered with or their efforts diverted by other appointments. The bishopric will sustain these supervisors in this work by themselves attending the Aaronic Priesthood quorum meetings and giving general direction to the same. In small wards where the bishopric themselves will supervise the work, fine success can be had where the viewpoint of

the boy is considered and kindly, positive efforts made to bring everyone into active service.

There is no excuse for failure to hold regular Priesthood meetings of, at least, all the Aaronic Priesthood and the ward teachers in every ward each week throughout the year. Opportunity is now given all stake presidencies and ward bishoprics to hold these meetings at that time each week best suited to secure the largest attendance of the Priesthood members. In some cases it is found that excellent success is had by holding the ward Priesthood meeting independently of any other organization. In others good success is had in holding it in conjunction with one of the organizations. But the important thing is to see to it that it is held regularly.

Priesthood activity and training should be given first consideration over every other organization. In some stakes and wards the attitude of the presiding officers appears to be that, as they have not been very successful

in holding weekly meetings, there is no need to continue them. Yet, these same officers would never think of giving up any of the auxiliary associations if they were not entirely satisfactory. On the contrary, they would put greater effort into making such meetings successful. Why then should not at least as much enthusiasm and determination be put into the matter of making the weekly Priesthood meetings entirely successful and profitable in all wards? The thorough training of the Priesthood is more important than any other. Surely, with all the opportunity that is offered, the stake presidencies and the ward bishoprics can arrange these meetings in conformity with the plan, so as to make this work in every way progressive and effective. Many stakes and wards are doing it. There is no good reason why all should not do so. We trust that the presiding officers in every ward and stake will give this the important consideration it deserves.—*The Presiding Bishopric.*



Lesson Books for Lesser Priesthood

December 31, 1930.
To Stake Presidencies, Ward Bishoprics, and all engaged in Aaronic Priesthood Work:

Dear Brethren:

Permission was authorized some time ago, as you know, to hold the weekly ward Priesthood meetings at any time each week, to be determined by the stake presidency and ward bishoprics, that will be most convenient in your stake for the largest number of Priesthood members, in order to secure the best attendance and the greatest activity.

With this opportunity, it would appear that every condition is now

favorable to marked improvement this next year in the Aaronic Priesthood work.

But this will, of course, require careful planning and thorough follow-up on the part of all concerned—ward bishoprics and supervisors and stake officers—to make 1931 the best year. Remember that the secret of success in this work lies in "Whole-hearted, Sympathetic Supervision." There will be no failure where this prevails.

In this connection, we call your attention to the new Lesson Books for the deacons, teachers, and priests for the year 1931, which will be

ready for distribution about the first of the year. They cost 10c each, postpaid, at this office. Kindly send money with orders. In ordering, please specify the number wanted for each grade. It is very desirable that every member of the Aaronic Priesthood should have a copy. They should all be encouraged to earn the money themselves to pay for the same.

Trusting that this important work may have your whole-hearted direction, and with best wishes for a successful year, we are

Sincerely your brethren,

The Presiding Bishopric.



Field Notes

Minidoka Stake Aaronic Priesthood-Scout Outing

AN interesting gathering of the Aaronic Priesthood and scouts of this stake was held at the Minidoka

Dam, about 13 miles east of Rupert, Idaho, on August 7, 1930. This is a splendid place for such an outing. There is a lovely park, with tables for lunches, etc. One hundred four were present, including Stake President R. C. May and Counselor H.

P. Fails, other stake representatives and scout workers. An excellent time was enjoyed, including games, swimming in the Snake River and refreshments. The chairman of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee is Joseph S. Bailey.



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

RICHARD R. LYMAN.

MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM.

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,

LUCY GRANT CANNON.

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.

Secretary:

ELSIE HOGAN

Suggested Program for the Sunday Evening Conjoint Meeting for March

THE M Men-Gleaner Department is responsible for the Sunday Evening Joint Meeting in March.

Opening Song—"Improve the Shining Moments."

Invocation—by Gleaner Girl.

Slogan—"We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals"—Address by M Man, 5 minutes. (See "L. D. S. Marriage Ideal" following.)

Male Quartette or Chorus (See Supplement to M. I. A. Handbook, page 16, for recommended numbers.)

Address: "Work"—one of the tools of gleaner is work; it is found in the field of experience. (See Chapter XVII in Gleaner Manual, page 87)—by Gleaner Girl, 10 minutes.

Address: What M Men are doing to promote their project—"Non-use of Tobacco"—by M Man, 10 minutes.

Ladies Chorus (page 16, Supplement to M. I. A. Handbook).

"I Will Gather Treasures of Truth" (Gleaner Sheaf and Project—see Gleaner Manual, page 123)—by Gleaner Girl, 10 minutes.

Address: "Necessity for an M Man choosing an occupation for life" (See Course of Study)—by M Man, 10 minutes.

Double mixed quartette or chorus (page 17, Supplement to M. I. A. Handbook)—or "Carry On" song by President Ruth May Fox, or congregational singing. "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel."

Benediction—By M Man.

Credit should be given in the Mass Participation Contest, in the various contest events, for appearance on this program.

The Latter-day Saint Marriage Ideal

THE ideal is a union elected by love, directed by high-mindedness and legalized by Divine authority. Its privileges and responsibilities outreach earthly interests. It contemplates a unity of faith—the unbeliever is not eligible for entrance into its sacred precincts. This ideal holds in common with all marriage ideals the quality of constancy. Without tolerance any marriage is a mockery. Our ideal has in it not even thinking room for divorce. Constancy is the ballast of the barque of life.

The marriage ideal holds the expectancy of an unshaken confidence, not only in the fidelity, but in the ability of each one to do full share in providing and caring for the other. The confidence of a wife will cause a husband to outdo any single man of equal ability. And the confidence of a husband will do likewise with a woman. Confidence is the guardian of courage.

The marriage ideal contains the expectancy of counsel. "Husbands

counsel with your wives," is an admonition in keeping with the scriptural statement that the gods counseled concerning the creation of man in "their, the gods," own image, male and female. (See Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham.) Counsel is the key to cooperation.

Ideal marriage contemplates a companionship of compromise, not a compromise of principle but a compromise of personal interests, wishes, and desires. There can scarcely be righteous dominion among mortals when one person insists upon having the right-of-way in everything, and our theology proclaims loudly against unrighteous dominion. (See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 121.)

The marriage ideal calls for continued courtship. "Husbands love your wives and wives love your husbands," is official advice that points to the endless exercise of chivalry, courtesy and appreciation. Courtship in married life is the infinite extension of lover's lane.

Mail Orders

A GREAT deal of material for use in the M. I. A. is ordered by mail, and in the general offices every effort is put forth to fill orders promptly. Very often an order is signed clearly but no street address given, and materials are returned to the sender instead of being delivered to the addressee. At present there are eleven packages in the Young Ladies' office being held for the correct address, and those who have not received materials for which they have sent should write at once and give full name and address. (Regarding subscribers to *Young Woman's Journal*, see page 231.)

Membership

THANKS to the good work of our officers, the ten percent increase of membership asked for at the beginning of the season is in process of fulfillment. In some stakes resolutions have been passed to the effect that a special effort will be made during and immediately following the holidays, to reach the required quota. Other stakes are using different methods, but all, we believe, are striving to reach the required goal.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPT. Committee

Melvin J. Ballard, Clarissa A. Beesley, Chairmen; E. E. Erickson, Emily C. Adams, Vice-Chairmen; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Jos. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

Ward Honor Day

THERE are certain fundamental things to be observed by ward executive officers and community activity committees in the conduct of the Ward Honor Day program:

1. Prepare a special roll of all members who have participated in the Tuesday Night Activity Program between October 1 and March 17. This roll should either be read or publicly displayed on the Ward Honor Day. (See January Era, page 159, General Features, No. 1.)

2. Give special recognition to all who have made "A" Standard in any event. (Standardization is to be determined by Ward Community Activity Committees.)

This special recognition may be made by indicating upon the roll of honor those who have achieved "A" Standard; or, by the awarding of a button or ribbon or other insignia. If wards desire, the General Boards will provide an attractive button at a cost of about 5c; notification should be sent at once to the General offices as to the approximate number needed. Wards may notify the stake; stakes, the General Board.

3. Arrange the Ward Honor Day Program (Only individuals or groups having made "A" Standard are to appear on this program).

If the events are found to be too numerous to present on one continuous program in one evening, it may be necessary to divide into different sections, such as Drama, Dancing, etc.; or to use more than one evening for the presentation of the Ward Honor Program.

4. Arrange for the selection of one individual or group in each event who will go on to represent the ward on the Stake Honor Day. Selection is to be made by the votes of the participants in each event (see explanation following).

INSTRUCTIONS FOR VOTING

- (a) To Participants: Indicate by secret ballot your first, second and third choice. (In Drama, vote for the cast as a whole; in Dancing, for couples; in Music, for groups; in Public Speaking and Retold Story, for individuals.)

- (b) To officials counting the ballots: First choice will count three points; second choice, two points; third choice, one point.

Stake Honor Day

AS suggested in the Handbook Supplement, the Stake Honor Day should prove to be the outstanding activity event of the year, as it combines in one the Stake Contest program of past years, and the M. I. A. Day Program.

The Stake Honor Day may be carried forward under any of the four following plans:

1. A continuous program throughout the day, on which all events are presented consecutively. (Recommended for small stakes in which few events are entered, with few entrants in each event.)

2. A program built on a sectional basis in which the various events are presented simultaneously in different rooms or buildings. In this case the audience will divide according to interest.

3. A program on which all events are presented, but requiring more than one day or one evening for completion. (Example—Drama one evening, Music another, etc.)

4. A program presenting district representatives only, prior to which the stake has been divided into districts, where preliminary eliminations have been held.

Recognition and Awards:

As explained in the January Era, under "Awards for Activity Achievements," there are two kinds of recog-

nition to be made to wards by the stake—(1) for Mass Participation, and (2) for "A" Standard Activity. For this, the General Boards will provide, if the stakes desire, appropriate and attractive pennants at a cost of about fifteen cents for the Mass Participation and 10c each for Drama, Dancing, Music, Public Speaking (M Men and Gleaner separately) and Retold Story. (Vanguard and Junior separately.) Stakes should make their wants known as soon as possible, that orders may be filled in time.

Selection of Representatives for Division Contests:

On Stake Honor Day all representatives are to be chosen by the vote of participants themselves. (See "Instructions for Voting," above.) It is understood that participants shall vote only in the activity in which they are entered, for example: Members of Drama casts shall vote for Drama groups only, etc.

As soon as it is decided by executive officers, that stake winners desire to continue in District Contests, the following information should be sent at once to the General Boards:

Name of stake _____
Name of event _____
(If Drama, state name of play)
Names of participants _____
Name of person in charge _____
Post office address _____

April-May Program

AS stated in the Handbook Supplement, the half-hour activity program for April and May will consist of general assemblies, at which each department will be given the opportunity of presenting a program before the entire association. There are eight evenings to be planned, and suggestions are offered herewith for some



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS' BANQUET

Gleaner Girls of the Tooele South Ward, Tooele Stake, entertain their mothers every January. This was held at Hotel Kirk Dining Room. Three tables like the one in picture were used to accommodate the crowd. An excellent and appropriate program was rendered and toasts given.

of the programs. Others are to be filled in by the local officers, using the evenings to present contest numbers, general programs, or other interesting features which they feel are important.

Assignment of particular nights to certain departments should be made early by the executive officers.

Adults

- I. An Evening of Indian poetry or Indian songs, taken from the Adult Women's Manual of 1930-31, pages 41 and 85. Or Indian legends and symbols. References: Adult Women's Manual, "Indian Legends," by James W. Leseur, Mesa, Arizona.
- II. An Evening of music. Reference: Women's Adult Manual, for 1930-31, page 33. Four musical programs are here given. The program might be made doubly interesting by having the singers dressed in the costume of the period in which the songs were written.
- III. An evening of games illustrating health. See Adult Department of *Improvement Era* for December, 1930.
- IV. An evening on project No. 5 in Adult Manual, "Community Health and Hygiene." Dramatization or illustration through pictures and talks on cleanliness and beauty of homes, front and back yards, etc.

M Men

WITH the wealth of material in the M Men program this season, it is felt that each M Men group will prefer to plan their own evening's program. Short talks on the most interesting of their manual discussions, explanations and demonstrations of their activity work, or other such features could be used with splendid effect. If the M Men and Gleaners desire to join on two programs instead of presenting their own separately, there would be no objection, but in this case consultation and arrangement should begin early. An interesting little musical dramatization, "Golden Chrysanthemums," published in the *Young Woman's Journal*, Oct., 1929, might be interesting for this purpose. (See page 235 for additional suggestions.)

Gleaners

MY Most Interesting Personal Experience.

In all wards, there are girls who have been abroad or away at college or on missions, or to whom, in the daily routine of life rich experiences have come. These experiences, in story form, are interesting to others, and the telling of them forms a delightful program.

Four or more girls may be chosen, each to relate her most interesting personal experience.



MONROE NORTH WARD CHAPEL AND RECREATION HALL

The Monroe North Ward Mutuals are enjoying the conveniences of their beautiful new chapel and recreation hall this winter. Besides the regular Mutual work they are gathering history of their Mutual for a pageant, and sponsoring entertainments to raise funds to pay for stage equipment. Their Mutual is well attended and is carrying on well conducted classes and activities in all departments.

This program should be arranged by the Gleaner Girls' Activity leader, sufficiently far in advance to give time for thorough preparation. It should be presented under her supervision.

Music should be interspersed to make the program complete.

Junior Girls

THE Travelogue is the program suggested for this department.

Appoint someone (preferably a Junior girl) to make an interesting talk of five minutes in which she will tell the names of the missions, membership of each mission also the number of missionaries in each field and the grand total who are giving their valuable time to the preaching of the Gospel. (See page 233 for mission report.)

Have girls dressed to represent as many foreign missions as possible and a reader introducing each one with a verse or lines telling of this particular nation. Let appropriate music, typical of country girl representatives, be sung or played as she appears. When girl is presented she should display costume as in fashion show by turning slowly and posing. Also two or three folk dances may be arranged. Perhaps a vocal solo or chorus in a foreign language would be interesting. Short stories or legends of other countries may be told by girls if time will permit.

As a final number have suitable girl dressed as our own country take center position, raising flag as audience joins in singing, "My Country 'tis of Thee."

We depend upon the originality of Junior Activity Leader with the assistance of discussion leader, to plan and be responsible for this program, stating time for each number and arranging details as local conditions

will permit. Junior leaders, let us make this program one of the best of the year by using every Junior girl in your ward. This may be a means of reaching some of our girls who have not been attending Mutual.

Collect all souvenirs or relics from other countries and announce that people may look at them after meeting.

Vanguard-Scouts

THIS group of the M. I. A. has in its own right a program so full of interest and activity that it is felt unnecessary to make definite suggestions for the half-hour which is theirs to use. Each ward and stake has within its program features both novel and valuable, and these might well be demonstrated for the benefit of the organization during their half-hour program. Historical descriptions of interesting landmarks and dramatizations of ceremonies marking them might prove a delightful means of familiarizing the ward with the project of the Vanguards and Scouts this year. Use the half-hour in the best possible way and make it worth while to participants and audience alike. (See page 234.)

Bee-Hive Girls

ONE-ACT play may be the event offered by the Bee-Hive department during the half-hour which is theirs during April-May. See the following list before choosing a play. See also suggestions offered in the Bee-Hive department for this month, under the heading "April-May Program."

In the January number of the *Era* a list of plays, obtainable at the Y. L. M. I. A. office, was given. These plays, especially suitable for use by the Bee-Hive Girls were originally published in the *Young Woman's*

[Continued on page 235]



ADULT DEPARTMENT Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beely and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

Teacher Training

THE class which was started November 20, 1930, under Dr. L. L. Daines on the 4th floor of the Bishop's Building has been well attended. At the second session it was decided to continue to meet by special appointment, and that Dr. Daines be requested to lecture during the first part of each session touching the high spots of several chapters, and then to spend the remaining time in answering questions.

Report of Project

30TH WARD PIONEER STAKE

THE leaders of the Adult Department of the 30th Ward, Pioneer Stake (both women) are outstanding in their support of the Adult Department Project idea.

Here at last was the opportunity to do the things in their community which individual effort had not been able to accomplish, such as changing the collection of garbage from the front street to the alleys, raising and leveling sunken sidewalks, cleaning high grown weeds from vacant lots, etc. The class leaders obtained permission of the M. I. A. Presidency to appoint a committee to canvas the situation and decide on the reforms most urgently needed. This was done and at the Project meeting, the first Tuesday in February, 1930, the idea was discussed with the class members who pledged their full support. The plans were then laid before the bishopric and received their wholehearted approval and active support. The committee was invited to meet with the bishop once a week and discuss their work.

They decided their first project should be the improvement of order in the ward meetings. The bishop appointed deacons to show the people to their seats, explained the project to the congregation, and asked the people to support the committee. They pledged themselves so to prepare their work that there should be no whispering on the stand, and they put this plan into effect in all ward meetings. Deputies were appointed to maintain order on the meeting-house grounds when ward entertainments were held.

By invitation of the Primary officers the committee explained the project to the children.

The public school principal cooperated by requesting the children to keep off the newly planted lawns and flower and shrubbery beds around the chapel, and by appointing some of his junior police to assist in maintaining order on these grounds when ward entertainments were going on.

As the ward became aware of the activities of the committee people reported any and everything they felt needed attention, so that the members of this committee were kept busy answering calls and investigating. For instance, one mother reported that her children and others in the neighborhood were getting from somewhere small glass tubes which they used to blow spit balls—and had developed sore mouths. A visit to the Neon Products Corporation disclosed the fact that the children had scaled a ten-foot close board fence which the company had erected about its property and had carried off glass tubes of different colors, some of which had mercury in the coloring. The visit also revealed the fact that the children had maliciously destroyed a beautiful bed of tulips on the premises. The manager suggested that by co-operation both evils might be eradicated—the company to remove the glass tubes and the committee to prevent the destruction of property by the children.

The company did their part and the committee went to the school principal and suggested that if lawns, flowers, and shrubs were planted about the neglected, barren-looking school grounds the children would have more respect for other people's property in caring for their own. The result was a meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association, school principal and the school patrons in the 30th Ward chapel. At this meeting a petition was drawn up asking for the beautification of the school grounds and for an adequate supervised play-ground for the school. The petition was signed by several hundred people and sent to the Board of Education and to the City Commission, and the project is now under way.

The committee's attention was attracted to a fifteen strand barbed-wire fence around a vacant lot adjoining the school grounds. Many children had been forced to be absent from school because of severe cuts received when running against this fence while playing on school grounds. A check

showed that nearly every child had had minor cuts from this constant menace.

After many unsuccessful attempts to have the fence removed the Committee petitioned the city attorney to file a complaint. In ten days the fence was removed.

The garbage in this section was not regularly removed from all premises. People did not always have proper containers. In some instances weeks would go by and garbage not be taken away. In one particular spot garbage had been left for months scattered along the street, an offense to the eyes and nostrils of the residents. The committee visited the City Commission and asked that the garbage be taken away regularly and that it be gathered from the alleys instead of from the front streets. The Commission sent men to go with the committee and make a complete survey of all the alleys to be sure they were open and garbage wagons could get through. Their report was made to the Commission; the change was made and regular thorough garbage removal is now established. Some vacant lots had been used for city dumping grounds, others were covered with tall weeds where children could hide to smoke, plan petty thieveries, etc. They also found sidewalks sunken below the street level, so that in wet weather they were pools of water and people were forced to trample on lawns or take to the street. In some instances one must wade through deep water to get to the street car. All these things were brought to the attention of the city. Men were sent to remove the dumps from the vacant lots, weeds were cut and burned, sidewalks were raised and the street filled in.

At the end of the City's Spring Clean-up Week only a good start had been made in this section. The committee asked for an extension of two weeks. This was granted with the promise of all the wagons and men necessary to haul the rubbish away.

With the help of the deacons and junior police the committee scraped, shoveled and cleaned streets where filth had literally buried the sidewalks for years—in places several feet deep. Ten trucks full of rubbish and "bad health" were hauled away. The boys gathered up containers and filled fourteen of them with refuse from one unsightly spot on a main street.

"Dumping Prohibited by Law" signs were put up on the vacant lots. The committee treated the boys to ice cream and cake at the close of these hard days. Can you imagine the relish with which the boys ate their treat?

The owner of one vacant lot paid the Boy Scouts to clean it up. The

money went towards securing outfits for the group. Another served ice cream and cake to the boys who cleaned her lot. The bishop put the unemployed of his ward on the clean up job. People planted lawns and flowers who had not done so before. One member of the committee asked one of the city truck men who was hauling off a load of big rocks, if he would haul them into her lot and dump them. "Quit your kidding," he replied, "we know we can't dump anything in this district any more." "Well, but I want them to make a rock garden." It took some time to convince him that she really did want the rocks. She finally got them, and made her rock garden. Out of a discarded kitchen sink found in her travels about the vacant lots, she made a tiny lily pool to go with the rock garden. And so, the combined efforts of the committee, the M. I. A. and other ward officers, the bishop, the principal of the school, Board of Education, Board of Health, and the City Commission, turned neglected, unsightly, fly-breeding places into clean, wholesome, respectable spots; removed menaces to children's safety and accomplished many other things too numerous to relate here—which the residents of their community very keenly appreciate. Now any problems that arise in this district are reported to the Adult Project Committee with the feeling that it will be attended to. There is no dearth of things to do—they tread upon each other's heels. During the eleven months this committee has been at work it has through hard persistent effort, accomplished many things of great benefit.

To those who wonder how they can put over projects of the Adult Department of the M. I. A. in their own community we recommend this report of a single ward.

"Power and Prestige held sway a long time, But the Project Committee are raising their sign. Instead of filth that lay there in heaps We now have clean lots and also clean streets."

We are going to keep working, and still will sing our song that M. I. A. taught us, "Carry on, Carry on. * **"

Young Woman's Journal Subscribers

A special request is made of all former *Young Woman's Journal* subscribers whose subscriptions were paid up to December, 1929, and who later on in that year subscribed for the new *Era*, to notify the *Era* office of this effect at once. In such cases their new subscription to the *Era* should have been carried up to December, 1930, but due to the fact that the latter was often given in another name than the original, some errors may have occurred. The *Era* is anxious to rectify all such mistakes.



GLEANER GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Grace C. Neslen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman,
Emily C. Adams

Calendar for February

Feb. 3rd—M Men-Gleaner Activity: Drama.
Feb. 10—Discussion—Gleaning.
Feb. 17—Discussion—Gleaning.
Feb. 24—Discussion—"Treasure Book" night.

THE PROJECT

DURING February one evening of the Gleaner Girls is devoted to their project, "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth." If this project was launched in September, and has been constantly stimulated, every member of the class will have some interesting contribution from her "Treasures of Truth" to give for the group. Discussion leaders should through consultation and inspection of material, make sure that the stories, incidents and sidelights of the past selected for this evening shall have a vital appeal.

If for any reason the girls have not made much progress in gathering their "Treasures of Truth," let February 24th be a laboratory night and have them all work on their books. Have pencils and paper for all. Give them a vision of what their books may mean to them. Through question and suggestion find out the things they would like to know of the past, and the things of the present they would like to preserve for the future. Then when they have caught the inspiration that comes from different viewpoints, let each write a contribution for her book. The desire for self-expression must be kindled. If we force them to write from a sense of duty, we find "no burning fire within driving them towards endeavors to shape their own reflections and buoyant visions into forms worthy of record in print." (Foreword, *Creative Youth*)

Help them as to how the subject matter in their book may be divided. One teacher gave her class group this classification:

1. *Spiritual Treasures.*
Conversions.
Testimonies.
Insight.
2. *Occasions.*
Christmas.
Thanksgiving.
3. *Heirlooms and Mementoes.*
Brass candlesticks.
Daguerrotypes.
Portraits.

- Clothing, etc.
4. *Customs.*
Making candles.
Knitting stockings.
5. *Character sketches.*

Let the books have a portion devoted to local historical color. For instance, if you live in Salt Lake City, ask some older resident about the old tithing office, which stood where the Utah Hotel now is. Many a man and woman of today stood in line there with baskets on their arm, and a handful of tithing orders, hopeful of getting some fresh butter or vegetables. Ask some one how South Temple Street looked when one side was much higher than the other and the old fashioned car drawn by a pair of mules acted as the forerunner of today's autos and electric cars. Or ask them if they remember the ceiling of the tabernacle when it was festooned with evergreens and paper flowers, with a huge conical mass suspended in the center which turned, slowing one way and then reversed, measuring off the time of the meeting for the little children who came with their mothers to Sunday afternoon meeting. Become a living question mark.

The following story is typical of early days:

No Footprints



CLARISSA YOUNG (SPENCER)

DURING a winter in the early 70's my father, president Brigham Young, was planning to take me to Provo to attend Bro. Karl G. Maeser's school. I am not going to tell of the real excitement

I got out of the fact I was going on a long trip with Father and the planning by Mother, bless her memory, of my dresses and a coat, etc., to see me through school for the winter. And such pretty dresses they were for those days—a lovely magenta delaine with a broad border braided in black silk braid and a black alpaca dress trimmed with narrow black ribbon velvet. My coat was made of heavy brown woolen material with shoulder cape which was scalloped and bound with brown silk braid with a cap to match of brown velvet.

We left Salt Lake early one crisp morning, stopping at one of the settlements on the way for lunch. All the people we met seemed happy to have Father stop long enough for lunch and to feed the horses and when we left gave us a great sendoff. That same night we reached Provo where Aunt Eliza gave us a great welcome and a lovely supper, after which we sat in the parlor, talked awhile and relaxed after our day's journey, and then Father and Aunt Eliza called everybody who was in the house to come to the parlor for evening prayers. This was always done. I never left Father's side for a moment, (possibly I was a tiny bit homesick for my mother), until time for bed, then with a good night kiss, I followed Aunt Eliza upstairs. She put me in her bed, after saying my prayers, tucked me in just as Mother always did, and I was too tired to be homesick for long. A feeling of drowsiness soon came over me after sinking down in that lovely feather bed, with the lamp turned low and Aunt Eliza quietly leaving the room. Then oblivion.

Aunt Eliza's home in Provo stood on the northeast corner of one of the main streets. The front of the house faced east. Just opposite, across the street, stood Bishop Smoot's house. Just across the street on the north side stood the tabernacle as it is today. Aunt Eliza's lot was surrounded by a picket fence and a path led from the front door to the main street on the east. On the north side was a porch possibly fifteen feet long in front of the dining room window and door. This room was where we usually sat, as the parlor on the northeast corner of the house was heated and opened only when we had company.

The front hall opened into the dining room and in this hall was the broad staircase which went to the upper floor. This particular winter was very cold with a great deal of snow on the ground. The north door in the dining room we always kept locked and used only the front door on the east. The purpose of this was to get the full benefit of the fire in the stove in the dining room and to keep out as much cold as possible. This is where we studied and practically lived. When I say we I mean Aunt Eliza, Johnnie Walton, a young man from Alpine who worked for his board, and went to Brother Maeser's school, and myself.

This day it had been snowing heavily for several hours, but it had cleared up and the sun was shining when I returned from school. I had to break a path from the east gate to the door through six or seven inches of snow. Johnny had remained at school this particular day and consequently not a path had been swept when I returned. It must have been along about four-thirty, for I remember

the sun shining through the trees, making the fence, where the snow had piled high, look like it was covered with diamonds.

Aunt Eliza and I were sitting by the fire when a gentle knock came on the north door. We were surprised, as no one ever came to that door. Aunt Eliza motioned me to answer the knock and I got up, feeling perfectly safe as our big watch dog, Rover, lay on the floor beside me. I unlocked the door and opened it and there stood a rather tall man, very pale, wearing a straw hat, blue jacket and spotted blue overalls. "Will you give me something to eat?" he asked. I turned to Aunt Eliza and repeated his question, as he had spoken in a low voice. She invited him to come in and sit down, which he did, placing his hat on the wide window sill. I laid the cloth and we set out a lunch of cold meat, apple sauce, good homemade bread and butter and a pitcher of milk. As the man came to the chair placed for him we went to the other side of the room, Aunt Eliza to her knitting and I to my books. Old Rover raised his head, looked at the stranger peacefully, and then dozed off again. This was something unusual for Rover to do for as a rule he was not friendly to strangers.

After awhile the man arose and thanking us in the same subdued voice, picked up his hat and departed, quietly, closing the door behind him. There was something so unusual about the man that I jumped up and ran to the window to have a peek at him. As I passed the table I glanced down and remember distinctly saying breathlessly, "Aunt Eliza, he hasn't eaten anything at all." The food was untouched, aside from a small piece of broken bread. We hurriedly opened the door. The man was nowhere in sight and neither was there a sign of footprints in the newly fallen snow on the porch, on the path leading to the gate or around the house. I ran to the front gate to see if I could see him on the street but he had completely disappeared.

We came back into the house wondering who he was, where he had come from and where he had gone. He was dressed immaculately and his face, with the serene peaceful expression, will remain with me always. Later we made inquiries of our neighbors but none of them had seen or heard of him. Time went on but no explanation developed.

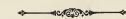
When Father returned, Aunt Eliza related our experience with the stranger and asked, "President Young, what do you think it means?" Father sat for some time twirling his thumbs as was his habit while thinking seriously. I was standing beside him, with his arm around me, waiting anxiously for his reply. As he drew me closer to him, he said very seriously and very quietly, "I believe this house has been visited by one of the Three Nephites." He paused a moment and then said, "We will all kneel and have our evening prayers."

Now just a few more lines to say that I am not trying to convince my readers of the truth of this experience which came to me when I was a child, but had I doubted the correctness of my memory, an incident occurred just a few months ago that has firmly convinced me of the fact that I have neither forgotten nor exaggerated the incident set down in the foregoing statement.

In June of this year, 1930, the telephone operator in the apartment where I live called me to say that there was a gentleman in the lobby to see me. When I went down I immediately recognized, although I had not seen him for fifty years, John Walton, the boy who was living in Aunt Eliza's home the winter the above events took place. We had a very interesting visit talking over old times in Provo and as he was leaving he asked me if I remembered the visit of the strange personage while we were living in Aunt Eliza's home in Provo. When I replied that I remembered it very distinctly he asked me to repeat it to him just as I remembered it and as I have told it here. He told me he had related it to his family many times and it was a great satisfaction to me to know that I had neither added to nor taken away from his recollection of a most interesting occurrence of so many, many years ago.

A picture will always remain in my memory of that peaceful home in Provo; the great big comfortable house, the kindness and thoughtfulness of Aunt Eliza, the unbroken paths of snow surrounding the home on the day of the eventful visit of the stranger and the beautiful influence which I took with me when my dear father terminated my unusual visit.

Clarissa Young Spencer.
(Daughter of Brigham Young)



"I Am Music"

SERVANT and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep and laugh and wonder and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story that saves. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle when men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of love, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as he subjects his slaves. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores; the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the souls that know me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them and they are the fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God—I AM MUSIC.

—Selected.



JUNIOR GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes S. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

Believing and Doing

THE fact that three evenings in our study course are devoted to the consideration of the Bible makes it possible to present a quite clear, though very general, appreciation of its worth and beauty. No class leader should be satisfied unless her girls go from these discussions with a deeper love for its sacred pages and a resolve to turn to them more frequently than heretofore.

Chapters XII and XIII, listed for January, told of how the Bible in its present form came to be and sketched in a broad way its contents. The exercise on page 55 might be used with profit as a frequent review, other questions being substituted on different occasions for those given. Use Bibles in class freely. The exercises are not given as a memory test but to make the girls familiar with this sacred book by actual use. Chapter XIV, for February 10, should emphasize our theme, "Believing and Doing." Follow the plan as suggested; have each passage of scripture read, then discussed, coming back to the thought each time that through such messages as these the Bible becomes indeed a guide for daily life. Read aloud the quotations on page 58.

For Chapters XV and XVI, each girl should bring her Book of Mormon to class and examine its pages sufficiently to be able quickly to turn to the title page, the testimonies of the witnesses, the various books and a few outstanding events, such as the vision of Nephi, the journey upon the waters to the promised land, the conversion of Alma, the coming of Samuel the Lamanite, the ministry of Jesus among the Nephites, the closing words of Moroni. The questions on page 61 will aid in testing her knowledge of the contents. Especial attention should be given to Chapter XVI, showing that this volume, like the Bible, brings its messages of value for daily living.

Retold Story

WE hope that our Junior leaders have read their Supplements and understand that in order to fill the requirements in retold story a ward must have 20% of its Junior Girls participating in this activity. If a ward has not reached the requirement in retold story because 20% of its Jun-

ior Girls have not participated an individual, nevertheless, who has been adjudged "A" Standard in her own ward in this activity may go on to the Church-wide finals. All those reaching "A" Standard will select the representative to enter contests. (For "A" Standard requirements see Supplement to Handbook, page 27 and 28).



THE JUNIOR ROSE

Travelogue

For the last Tuesday in March

THE Junior class activity for the first Tuesday in March will be the travelogue. Many of the wards and stakes have enjoyed such very successful travelogues that they are prepared to present a never-to-be-forgotten Junior class meeting this year.

There will only be this period to prepare for the presentation of the Junior half-hour activity period for the entire Mutual, at which they will present the travelogue as a class activity of the Juniors before the entire association. We hope you can make it a really finished presentation. Owing to the fact that we have only one period to devote to the travelogue it will be necessary to prepare with care beforehand.

You may wish to make a group presentation. Each two girls of the class might take a country and present what they consider the most interesting features of that country. The girls of the class might make up a

program according to the resources of the class choosing countries and activities.

For Example: "Customs from other Lands."

Song—Duet—

- Featuring Scotland or Wales.
- Germany or Hawaii.

In Costume

Social Customs of Japan or England, or Sweden, etc.

Courtship in Mexico, Spain or France, etc.

Folk Dance from Denmark, or Irish jig, or Scotch fling, or French minuet, etc.

A display of souvenirs, handwork, costumes, or festival equipment.

The girls may represent the lands from which their ancestors have come, or they may be made responsible to ask and obtain missionaries or converts to give the songs, customs, and to show their treasures, brought with them as souvenirs. Songs may be given in native tongue. The native costumes may be presented as a fashion show. One of the nicest travelogues given was of just one country. It was given by a young married couple who had returned from a mission. Songs of the country were sung, the two were dressed in native holiday attire and they had brought with them many articles of handwork from the people they were telling of. Where one country is chosen select the people who are to present it with great care that you will be sure to have a pleasing performance. In all events, especially where the girls are in charge, careful rehearsing and checking up will be necessary to avoid disappointments. Where people are asked to come in and take part a careful explanation of exactly what you wish should be given. Then the period will be a complete success we are sure.

Refer to the notes in the January Era—department on the travelogue.

LIST OF MISSIONARIES IN THE FIELD, SEPT., 1930

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| American Missions | 1050 |
| British | 194 |
| Czecho-Slovak | 13 |
| Danish | 44 |
| European Office | 6 |
| French | 56 |
| German-Austrian | 131 |
| Netherlands | 47 |
| Norwegian | 19 |
| So. African | 14 |
| Swedish | 39 |
| Swiss-German | 136 |
| Pacific Islands | 107 |
| So American | 14 |
| Total | 1870 |



Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mabey, Chairmen; Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, LeRoy C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

Historical Markers Program (Continued)

NOTHING has contributed more to develop the courage, resourcefulness, daring and stamina of the white man than his contact with the Indian. Every scout in America can recall hundreds of incidents in our settlement and conquest of this land illustrating this point. Side by side with the exhibition of these qualities in our fathers has been equally patent the fact that the red man possessed such characteristics of as high an order. We have held no corner on bravery, initiative and shrewdness. Much of heroism, cunning and strategy has been shown by the aboriginal inhabitants and we have been among the first to recognize these traits and accord to "the First American" his high place among the brave of all times and all ages.

But we have been somewhat tardy in our acknowledgment of the injustices committed against him. Because he has fought us we have been prone to look upon his cause with disfavor. We have enhanced the merits of our own case and slurred over his. Each of us knows that had we been in his place and he in ours, the fight we might have put up would have been just as sanguinary, just as bitter. We had the numbers and the power and we gradually dispossessed him of his inheritance. He saw this aggressiveness on our part and retaliated, and such retaliations were named by us as atrocious and savage. What he thought of our acts has been shown largely in his deeds with an occasional burst of simple but direct oratory such as that of Tecumseh and Black Hawk. The Indian was never a talker, but doer, in which particular he was a true scout. He scorned to plead for our mercy. He preferred to give back blow for blow. How well he succeeded is written in the annals of every colony from Plymouth to Astoria.

The West is no exception to these things, with, however, this difference that Brigham Young, like William Penn, believed in making friends with the red man, in feeding him rather than fighting him. And in all the history of the colonization of this intermountain territory not a single act of aggression can be laid at the door of this great leader. Occasionally some of his followers, or passing emi-

grant trains, committed outrages against the Lamanite and inflamed him into war. Such was undoubtedly the cause of the massacre at Mountain Meadows, of the so-called depredations in Utah Valley and of the more bloody outbreak known as the Black Hawk War.

The citizens of Utah and surrounding states will ever have cause to remember such Indians as Walker, Sanpitch, Pocatello, and Black Hawk. These crafty chieftains, in some cases exceedingly cunning and in most brave and hardy, led their followers against us repeatedly and did not always come off the losers. The last named was a strategist of a very high order, for though we led our thousands against him many times, he was never really defeated and never really subdued until he peaceably gave himself up to the Indian agent in the Uintah country.

The aborigines who were friendly to us and our civilization bore characters that will measure up to not only the highest standards of Indian statesmanship, but also to those of their white brethren. What red man in American history can take a place more dignified than that of Sowiette, of Washakie and of Kanosh? These men were brave and true. Their treaties were faithfully kept; their word was never broken. Our people owe them a debt of gratitude which can never be paid in full. No boy who bears all the insignia of an eagle Scout ever merited greater tribute than these.

In our desire to place suitable memorials commemorating the deeds of our pioneers and pathfinders, are we not honoring ourselves by giving recognition to these brave men of a vanishing race? We think so and make suggestion that they be not forgotten while we are carrying out this worthy idea of rearing monuments to our own heroes.

There are a score of towns in central Utah which time and time again received succor at the hands of Sowiette. Surely the residents of Utah County can find some place worthy to keep him in remembrance.

Kanosh has given his name to one of the thriving towns in Millard County, so great is the esteem his honored life bears. We should think the scouts in that county might be able to erect a monument to his memory.

Down in Beaver County, eight miles southeast of the county seat, was performed during the Black Hawk War, as courageous a deed as can be found in all the annals of America. Charles A. Lee, a little son of a beleaguered family, escaped through the lines of the Indians who were attacking his father's house, and running all the way to town, brought help to his distressed relatives. Space will not permit a recital of the details of this wonderful act of courage. But Beaver knows all about it. Will she do something towards giving this boy his just dues?

What personage enjoys greater love at the hands of the whites than Washakie, the venerable Indian chief? His name is still a household word in the northern part of Utah and they have named an Indian town after him in Box Elder County. Some day a Dallin, gifted to cast into enduring bronze the life and features, aye, the very spirit of the Indian, will place this noble red man on his pony somewhere on the grounds of the state Capitol that future generations may know this Indian and revere his memory. But in the meantime what is Box Elder going to do for this Massasoit of the West?

These are a few of the leaders only. Clustered around the name of every one of them lie a host of memories of brave deeds and tragic sights, each of which a scout organization might immortalize. No village, no hamlet is so small but that it has such a background. Let us now proceed to our work.

Additional Suggestions For the Half-Hour Activity Program

April—May

Vanguards—Scouts

FOR 7 or 8 minute talks with material or pictures to illustrate by Vanguards or Scouts.

1. Life history of the Mosquito. Include demonstrational material of the water life of the mosquito and their enemies. Show large size drawings to illustrate the different species of mosquito.

2. Why birds migrate and where they go. Tell which birds migrate. Where and when one might see different species in migration.

3. Our National Parks. How many. Where located. Why chosen. Distinctive features of each.

4. Why people fish. For what kinds. Methods used for different kinds. Why is a knowledge of life habits of different kinds of fish essential to successful fishing? Why game laws for fishing?



BEEHIVE GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Committee

Sarah R. Cannon, Chairman; Catherine Folsom, Vida F. Clawson, Glenn J. Beeley, Marie C. Thomas, Elsie T. Brandy

Calendar for February BUILDERS IN THE HIVE

February 3—Guide 18—National Anthem (Foundation Cell No. 8) and National Flag.

February 10—Guide 19—Bathing the Baby (Foundation Cell No. 5).

February 17—Guide 20 — Open for your planning.

February 24—Guide 21—Textiles.

GATHERERS OF HONEY

February 3—Guide 18—Civic Responsibility.

February 10—Guide 19 — Home Evening—Happiness at Home.

February 17—To be planned by Bee-Keeper and Girls.

February 24—Taste the Sweetness of Service.

Contest Activities

THE time for the intra-stake contests for Bee-Hive Girls is fast approaching. The suggestions offered in the January *Era* will help to simplify the program you wish to adopt for your particular stake. While Bee-Hive competition does not extend into division or final contests, it is excellent in providing opportunities for the girls to introduce their program to the public. Encourage the Swarms in your stake to enter at least a part of the events suggested, and make the Bee-Hive contest activity one of the outstanding accomplishments of the M. I. A. year.

April-May Program

FOR the last two months of the season, each department will be given the privilege of presenting to the entire association a program of a half-hour's duration. For the Bee-Hive Girls, we suggest a one-act play. A number of these were listed in the January *Era*, with stars indicating the most interesting ones from the standpoint of a Bee-Hive Swarm.

For this play, do not choose the characters arbitrarily, but have some sort of tryouts in which the girls will compete for the parts, and perhaps themselves vote on the ones to be given places. In many cases, every girl in the swarm will be required to fill out the casts, but in any event make the girls feel that it is their program, and not simply one for a few of them.

Prior to the time of actual presentation, there might be a part of several evenings spent in studying such

phases of play-production as *make-up, costuming, stage settings, etc.*, and the girls who do not actually have a speaking part in the play might be assigned such responsible positions as stage-manager, electrician, business manager, property manager, etc. Read the M. I. A. Handbook, pages 403 to 423, and if there is time discuss them in class with the Bee-Hive girls.

As announced in January, any of the suggested plays may be secured from the General Board Office for the price of 10c. Please send a self-addressed envelope.

The Spirit of the Hive

THE underlying power of the Bee-Hive work is the Spirit of the Hive—that unseen force which actuates every member to work unselfishly. Let the girls never forget nor lose sight of the points involved—Have Faith, Seek Knowledge, Safeguard Health, Honor Womanhood, Understand Beauty, Know Work, Love Truth, Taste the Sweetness of Service, Feel Joy. For your help, we are offering thoughts on these points from month to month.

Have Faith

[See page 243]

Seek Knowledge

WHATEVER principles of intelligence we attain unto in this life it will rise with us in the resurrection; and if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." D. C. 130:18-19.)

To one who seeks knowledge, life is like a fruitful tree giving generously to those who would gather its products. The search for knowledge in and of itself brings a joy and satisfaction that no other activity can supply. Wealth may take wings and fly away but knowledge is an everlasting possession.

Above all things, Solomon, who is credited as being the wisest man, prayed for understanding, which means knowledge and the prudence and intelligence to use it wisely.

Efficiency — another word for knowledge and the ability to use it, is the rallying cry of industrialism today. Competition is so keen that, lacking this qualification, none need apply for a position in any occupation. "Knowledge is power," and

youth is the time to acquire it. All avenues are open and opportunity is calling from the very house-tops to come and learn.

Not all may obtain a college education, but after all "The duty of a college is to be a supplement to experience." Theory is helpful but we must learn to think, to experiment and to work out our own problems if we would obtain real knowledge. Schumann-Heink, one of the world's greatest singers, found that she had a voice for singing, so in spite of poverty and almost insurmountable obstacles, she took advantage of every possible opportunity. She watched, she listened to others sing, observing their dress, their manner, their methods. She accepted help when possible to obtain it and finally reached the goal she had marked for herself. Knowledge is more than power—it is sympathy, mercy, gratitude, ambition, devotion and loyalty.

Community Activity Department

[Continued from page 229]

Additional Suggestions For M Men's Program For April or May

For example:

- (a) A good M Men chorus could, through speeches and demonstrations, explain to the audience points to be looked for in music and methods used for obtaining perfection.
- (b) A member of a winning Basket Ball team could explain training rules, practice regulations, effective plays and other points which make for good basket ball. The finer points of other activities, in like manner, could be brought to the attention of the audience.

This program should not consist of speaking only, but should include appropriate demonstrations and exhibits.

Bee Hive Girls

[Continued from page 229]

Journal. For the benefit of those who have access to back numbers of the *Journal*, the list is herewith reprinted, with date of publication:

Unselfishness—*Young Woman's Journal*—Sept., 1928.

Friendship—*Young Woman's Journal*—Jan., 1929.

The Rainbow Seekers—*Young Woman's Journal*—July, 1929.

The Club Faces the Facts—*Young Woman's Journal*—Apr., 1929.

Stars of Twilight—*Young Woman's Journal*—Dec., 1928.

Enter Rosie—*Young Woman's Journal*—Mar., 1929.

(See January *Era* for number of characters and time of playing.)

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| 715 Super Quality Rayon | 2.75 | |
| 720 Non-Run Rayon | 1.95 | |
| 770 Silk and Wool | 1.95 | |

FOR MEN

| | | |
|----------------------------------|--------|-----|
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| 610 Ribbed Light Wt. | \$1.25 | |
| 614 Med. Wt. Ex. Quality | 1.75 | |
| 605 Med. Heavy Cotton | 1.50 | |
| 663 Med. Heavy Unbleached Cotton | 1.95 | |
| 664 Med. Heavy Wt. Cotton | 1.95 | |
| 620 Non-Run Rayon | 2.75 | |
| 680 Extra Heavy Unbleached | 2.25 | |
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An Epidemic of Happiness

[Continued from page 201]

"Woman, where art thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Was it not this righteous attitude, which made it possible, too, for the Master to reach that unprecedented apex of forgiveness of the malefactor who, trembling, appealed to him for mercy and was answered instantly by that sublime benediction:

"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?"

OUR own genial President McKinley's high sense of unselfish appreciation and courtesy was remarkably demonstrated at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo when, after the President was shot, and his assassin was being roughly treated by his captors, pleaded with the latter, saying:

"Oh, don't be too hard on him! Don't be too hard on him!"

Appreciation in the superlative! A woman in St. Louis, once a clever shoplifter, and who had made her living by shoplifting for some years, was eventually caught, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. After gaining her freedom she became converted and joined a Christian church.

One evening as she was leaving the crowded foyer of the church filled with her friends, a man who had known her in her past life approached her, extended his hand, and said: "Oh, aren't you Mrs. . . . who 'served time' in the penitentiary for shoplifting?"

The woman in sweet humility and being healed of that plague,—and being healed, I say, of the self-righteousness and self-justification which would perpetuate it,—smiled at him and said: "Yes. I'm that woman. I'm so glad!"

What was the result? She, having abased herself, was exalted and was soon surrounded by friends who ministered unto her. While he, having exalted himself, was abased, and left the church in confusion.

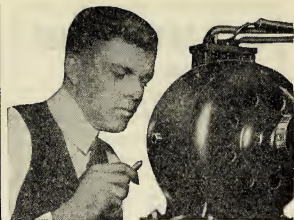
Says Henry Drummond:

"Guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people, and the possession of it is the great secret of personal influence; you will find if you think for a moment, that the people who influence you are the people who believe in you. In an atmosphere of suspicion, men shrivel up; but in that other atmosphere they expand, and find encouragement and educative fellowship. It is a wonderful thing that here and there in this hard, uncharitable world there should still be left a few rare souls who think no evil. This is a great unworldliness. 'Love thinketh no evil,' imputes no motive, sees the bright side, puts the best construction on every action. What a delightful state of mind to live in! what a stimulus and bene-

diction even to meet with it for a day; 'To be trusted is to be saved; and if we try to influence or elevate others, we shall soon see that success is in proportion to their belief of our belief in them. For the respect of another is the first restoration of the self-respect a man has lost; our ideal of what he is, becomes to him the hope and pattern of what he may become.'

And Mr. Drummond points out that John does not even say the world is wrong; all he does say is merely that it "passeth away."

THE Master said he did not come to judge the world but to save the world.



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Earn While You Learn

If you need part-time work to help pay your living expenses I'll help you get it and when you graduate I'll give you lifetime employment service. Then in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained . . . as one of the greatest outlays of electric apparatus ever assembled . . . real dynamos, engine, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from door bells to farm power and lighting . . . full sized . . . in full operation every day!

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M.I.A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments

December, 1930

| | No. of Wards in State. | No. Reporting | No. of Wards Increasing Membership. | No. of Wards Where Average Attendance is 2 1/2 of Enrollment. | No. of Wards Having Completed Work to date. | No. of Wards Having Units of Era Sub. | No. of Wards Having Era Extra Unit. | No. of Wards Completing the Tuesday Half-hour Program. | Percent of Membership Attending Sunday Evening Joint Half-hour Program. | No. of Wards Holding Sunday Evening Joint Half-hour Program. | No. of Wards Holding Christmas Eve Driv-ing Club. | No. of Wards Holding Christmas Eve Snowball Party. | | | |
|----------------|------------------------|---------------|-------------------------------------|---|---|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|---|--|---|--|----|----|----|
| Alberta | 11 | 9 | 8 | — | 4 | — | 9 | — | 3 | 0 | 6 | 50 | 8 | 8 | |
| Alpine | 9 | 3 | 6 | — | 1 | — | 6 | — | 1 | 5 | 0 | 6 | 91 | 6 | 6 |
| Bannock | 9 | 3 | 6 | — | 1 | — | 6 | — | 3 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 35 | 3 | 1 |
| Bear Lake | 12 | 12 | 7 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 8 | — | 0 | 8 | 80 | 12 | 7 | — | 12 |
| Benson | 14 | 11 | 9 | — | 4 | — | 10 | — | 5 | 0 | 8 | 55 | 11 | 8 | 8 |
| Beaver | 8 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | — | 7 | — | 3 | 0 | 3 | 90 | 3 | — | 3 |
| Blackfoot | 14 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 8 | — | 3 | 0 | 95 | 15 | — | — | 15 |
| Blaine | 6 | 6 | 3 | 1 | — | — | 1 | — | 1 | 0 | 2 | — | 6 | 1 | 1 |
| Boulder | 12 | 13 | 12 | — | 11 | 7 | 13 | — | 7 | 0 | 10 | 73 | 13 | — | 13 |
| Caine | — | — | 8 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 | — | 7 | 0 | 6 | 78 | 7 | — | 7 |
| Carbon | 9 | 7 | 6 | — | 5 | — | 7 | — | 2 | 0 | 6 | 100 | 5 | 4 | 4 |
| Cassia | 6 | 5 | 4 | — | 3 | — | 4 | — | 1 | 0 | 3 | 75 | 5 | 2 | 2 |
| Cottonwood | 11 | 7 | — | — | — | — | 4 | — | 2 | 0 | 3 | 50 | 7 | — | 7 |
| Curlew | 8 | 5 | 5 | — | 5 | — | 4 | — | 2 | 0 | 3 | 50 | 5 | 2 | 2 |
| Deseret | 12 | 8 | 3 | — | 5 | — | 6 | — | 3 | 0 | 3 | 35 | 8 | 4 | 4 |
| East Jordan | 11 | 10 | — | — | — | — | 5 | — | 4 | 0 | 4 | 73 | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| Emery | 8 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 4 | — | 4 | — | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Fremont | 14 | 14 | 8 | — | 6 | — | 10 | — | 0 | 8 | 57 | 14 | 4 | — | 4 |
| Granite | 10 | 10 | 10 | — | 8 | — | 13 | — | 0 | 8 | 72 | 9 | 7 | — | 7 |
| Grant | 14 | 13 | 6 | — | 7 | — | 13 | — | 5 | 0 | 60 | 12 | — | — | 12 |
| Gunnison | 7 | 7 | 7 | — | 5 | — | 7 | — | 0 | 0 | 6 | 50 | 7 | 3 | 3 |
| Idaho Falls | 12 | 12 | 9 | — | 8 | — | 9 | — | 4 | 0 | 7 | 75 | 12 | 6 | 6 |
| Lehi | 5 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 4 | — | 4 | — | 3 | 0 | 1 | 50 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| Liberty | 12 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 12 | 5 | 11 | 9 | 3 | 0 | 10 | 90 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
| Logan | 11 | 9 | 9 | 8 | 5 | — | 8 | — | 5 | 0 | 5 | 75 | 9 | 6 | 6 |
| Los Angeles | 10 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | — | 3 | 0 | 8 | 88 | 10 | 6 | 6 |
| Lost River | 4 | 4 | 4 | — | 2 | — | 1 | — | 1 | 0 | 3 | 37 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Lyman | 6 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | — | 2 | — | 1 | 0 | 2 | — | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Malad | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 4 | — | 4 | — | 5 | 0 | 4 | 58 | 9 | 5 | 5 |
| Millard | 6 | 5 | 4 | — | 4 | — | 4 | — | 3 | 0 | 3 | 57 | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| Minidoka | 8 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 79 | 5 | 4 | 4 |
| Moapa | 9 | 5 | 0 | — | — | — | 4 | — | 4 | 3 | 3 | 62 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Montpelier | 13 | 10 | 5 | 6 | 5 | — | 6 | — | 6 | 0 | 1 | 87 | 5 | — | 5 |
| Moreni | 5 | 3 | 2 | 3 | — | — | 3 | — | 0 | 1 | 88 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| North Weber | 14 | 12 | 6 | 7 | 8 | — | 11 | — | 9 | 0 | 7 | 36 | 12 | 4 | 4 |
| Pocatello | 10 | 8 | 7 | 5 | — | — | 6 | — | 6 | 0 | 5 | 87 | 8 | 7 | 7 |
| Portneuf | 7 | 5 | 4 | — | 4 | — | 3 | — | 3 | 1 | 3 | 100 | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| Raft River | 6 | 4 | 1 | — | 1 | — | 3 | — | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | — | 1 |
| St. George | 9 | 6 | 3 | — | 3 | 1 | 5 | — | 4 | 1 | 3 | 37 | 5 | 2 | 2 |
| Shelby | 9 | 7 | — | 3 | 1 | — | 4 | — | 4 | 0 | 5 | 100 | 7 | 4 | 4 |
| South Davi | 8 | 7 | 7 | — | 7 | — | 7 | — | 7 | 0 | 7 | 62 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| South Sanpete | 7 | 7 | 6 | — | 4 | — | 5 | — | 2 | 0 | 5 | 80 | 7 | 1 | 1 |
| South Sevier | 8 | 8 | 7 | 8 | — | 8 | — | 8 | — | 3 | 0 | 85 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| Star Valley | 11 | 9 | 5 | — | 6 | — | 5 | — | 1 | 0 | 3 | 49 | 7 | 4 | 4 |
| Sharon | 7 | 6 | 3 | — | 3 | — | 5 | — | 1 | 0 | 4 | 75 | 6 | 7 | 7 |
| Salt Lake | 13 | 13 | 11 | — | 7 | 9 | 11 | 10 | 3 | — | 10 | 65 | 13 | 5 | 5 |
| St. Johns | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | — | 3 | — | 1 | 0 | 2 | 88 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| St. Joseph | 16 | 15 | 11 | — | 12 | — | 13 | — | 16 | 1 | 14 | 75 | 16 | 13 | 13 |
| Taylor | 6 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 61 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| Tooele | 10 | 7 | 3 | — | 4 | — | 5 | — | 3 | 0 | 5 | 33 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Utah | 10 | 4 | — | — | 1 | — | 2 | — | 1 | 4 | 60 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Utah | 9 | 9 | 6 | — | 6 | — | 9 | — | 2 | 0 | 7 | 85 | 9 | 3 | 3 |
| Wasatch | 9 | 9 | 8 | — | 6 | — | 8 | — | 2 | 0 | 7 | 86 | 9 | 3 | 3 |
| Wayne | 6 | 3 | 2 | — | 3 | — | 2 | — | 0 | 0 | 2 | 43 | 3 | 6 | 6 |
| Weber | 9 | 9 | — | 5 | — | 4 | — | 7 | 1 | — | 5 | 53 | 9 | 4 | 4 |
| Woodruff | 4 | 4 | 4 | — | 3 | — | 3 | — | 0 | 2 | 80 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Yellowstone | 10 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 6 | 60 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| Zion Park | 7 | 5 | 3 | — | 5 | — | 5 | — | 4 | 0 | 3 | 80 | 5 | 4 | 4 |
| Calif. Mission | 38 | 15 | 10 | — | 9 | — | 6 | — | 1 | 12 | 38 | 15 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Eastern States | 10 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 5 | — | 14 | 48 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 |
| Northwestern | 20 | 10 | 8 | — | 8 | — | 8 | — | 5 | — | 7 | 86 | 10 | 9 | 9 |

In addition to the above, stakes report having conducted successful law enforcement parties, snowball and other Christmas parties, also Gleaner, Junior and Bee-Hive girls having prepared and distributed Christmas Cheer boxes to hospitals and to poor families. Several successful Gold and Green Balls have also been held.

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Washington, D. C.**Essentials in Public Speaking**

[Continued from page 207]

- men, of helping others—
reflected in the expression;
"Do a good turn daily."
- e. The South African Constabulary gave the motto: "Be Prepared."
 - f. From all these sources came the ideal of the Scout: "Physically strong, mentally alert and morally straight."
- II. But Scouting can not succeed unless the manhood of the nation lives up to similar ideals.
- A. We may set up artificial ideals, but after all it is ourselves that are imitated by the boys of Scout age.
 1. There may be honor among thieves and the criminal may teach his children to tell the truth, but the son of the criminal is usually a criminal.
 2. So a troop is seldom better than its Scoutmaster, or than the men of its community.
 3. Perhaps one of the reasons for English Scout success has been the fact that Sir Baden-Powell has been such a good living example.
 - B. We must, then, live up to what we expect of our boys.
 1. A father who violates speed laws can not expect his son to obey them.
 - a. Only last week a boy in this city under the legal age limit, was caught driving a car and speeding.
 - b. He testified in court that his father had taught him to drive and that his father in driving habitually speeded.
 2. A father who swears, drinks and disregards the truth is, through force of example, training his son by a stronger influence than any words of his can ever counteract.
- Conclusion*
- I. Somewhere, some boy is modelling himself after you or me, and as we set the example so will he follow.
 - II. Should we not live so that he will have a worthy example to copy?

D. How to master and deliver the speech.

1. Assimilate the subject matter as a whole by—
 - x. Memory entirely.
 - y. Memorized brief.
 - z. Complete or partial manuscript.
2. Extemporaneous delivery.
3. Importance of posture, voice, enunciation, articulation, pronunciation, gesture.

MANY beginners, and indeed, many experienced speakers memorize their speeches. If you prefer this method, then, by all means, memorize by "thoughts" and not merely by "words." Build up an association of ideas; master your speech as a whole, not isolated paragraphs; know your subject—not your speech, then it is almost impossible for you to forget what you intended to say. Here is where the care in building your outline and the labor of fully writing out the speech, begin to pay dividends. Without these preliminary processes, many rash, unconsidered or silly ideas pop into the mind and out of the mouth. The written speech permits a care in phraseology and insures a relative certainty of saying precisely what you intended to say.

This, by no means, implies that you should repeat verbatim in a dull and lifeless manner the endless lines that you have scrawled over the pages and drummed by ceaseless pounding into your brain. Many speakers do reproduce almost exactly what they have written out and use the same material time after time, but they revive the written words; they recreate all the fire and vigor that they felt in its first creation.

If the complete manuscript is not memorized, the full outline, or some reduction of it may be before you at the time of delivery. However, it is certain that only the most experienced and brilliant speakers can overcome the serious barrier that a manuscript erects between a speaker and his audience. We can not urge you too strongly to do away with such a handicap to "audience contact." If you must use notes, use them openly; let them be clearly written so that

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you can read them with the utmost readiness. Hold them in one hand, out and away from the body; let them become so much an actual part of you, that your personality ends not with the tip of your fingers, but with the furthest edge of your notes. They must become merely a guide for your thoughts, not a book to be read from—not a crutch to support inadequate preparation. Your audience wants your glance to rest upon them, they want to perceive your thought and emotion as it flows through your eyes and plays upon your countenance. They do not want to watch you fumbling papers or desperately seeking for aid upon a topic about which you are supposed to have both ample information and earnest convictions.

The ideal towards which every speaker strives is fluent, graceful, forceful extemporization in speech. This is the highest art in speech, the climax of glorified conversation. It must not be compared with impromptu, rambling verbosity, which is the idle boast of that garrulous type who offers to "speak on any subject at any time." Genuine extemporization is based upon the most exact and painstaking preparation, generally over a long period of time. It represents investigation, meditation, prayerful consideration, logical ordering and thorough assimilation of material. These preliminary steps must be further backed up by sincere conviction and courage. Then there may come in the excitement of delivery just the apt word, just the choice phraseology, just the ringing sentence that men call eloquence.

Your preparation is complete, now imagine yourself actually before the audience. Do I approach with the confidence that comes from assured readiness in mind and body? Do I stand with a slouch? Do I start right out talking? Do I speak too loudly or too dully? Are my hands and feet a source of annoyance? Do I make a favorable impression? Do I put the audience at their ease? Hundreds of such queries may pursue you.

The first channel of communication between the speaker and the audience is what the eye tells. The moment you appear, your body begins to speak for you. Self-

mastery, posture, poise, "manners" go far toward winning the audience. Let your entire physical attitude reveal your simple earnestness, directness, sincere purpose and freedom from affectation and self-consciousness. Make yourself inconspicuous so that your message may be glorified.

As you begin to speak, the eye of the audience is reinforced by the ear. By these two means your hearers should be led to focus on the content of your discussion. Never should any eccentricity or falsity in your manner or voice distract the mind of your audience from the central purpose of your speech.

Proper, not labored, recognition of the chairman and the audience is always expected. But don't hurry. A level glance about your auditorium allows time for subtle recognition and invites attention. Accustom yourself to look calmly and directly at the people who have complimented you with their presence. It is half the battle in beginning a speech. Train yourself to breathe deeply and quietly, is a great help in placing an initial tone.

Keep before your mind that the primary purpose of public speaking is the conversational communication of thought, so at once assume and always maintain the attitude of communication. Face your audience squarely. Look at them, see them, watch their responses. The amount of gesture will be determined by your temperament, the nature of the speech, the character of the audience, the whole occasion. But as every speaker does do something that catches the eye of the audience, he really can not avoid some form of gesture, although, to be sure, there is a very wide margin. If the gesture is simple, sincere and appropriate to the thought, it most certainly adds emphasis and variety to the delivery. It is a crucial matter for each speaker to determine for himself—perhaps with the assistance of intelligent criticism. Fortunately, the normal person can and does trust his own natural instincts for communication through pantomime—an instinct so useful and evident in all people. In general, start out calmly and clearly; grow in intensity as ideas and emotions develop. Save your most powerfully, emphatic



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moods and gestures for genuine climaxes. A transition here may be effected by a pause, which allows the audience to absorb what has just been said—then resume with enough change in bodily position and pitch of voice to indicate the further progress of the discussion.

It is an accepted condition that your enunciation, articulation and pronunciation must reach the highest standards of proficiency. And most assuredly you must speak loudly and distinctly enough to be readily understood—otherwise your speech is doomed to failure. Most people have the vocal strength to make themselves heard; it remains only to be freed from the inhibitions of self-fear and audience-dread. This freedom comes most readily through ample preparation of speech material and adequate oral practice on this studiously wrought out data.

Further detailed instruction in voice and gesture should be given only by a competent instructor. There is a fine and elaborate technique^a that often proves of great value to the individual student, but for those not in position to avail themselves of such professional instruction, we urge that they rely upon the common sense suggestions above. If fair and honest in your preparation, you will find unexpected tones, inflections and gestures rising to your aid that will be distinctly characteristic of you and which will valiantly reinforce your ideas.

E. *Some popular types of speeches.*
(See outline at beginning of this series of articles).

1. *Speeches of courtesy.*
2. *After dinner speeches.*
3. *Commemorative speeches.*
4. *Definitely motivated speeches.*

IN the following paragraphs there will be no attempt to characterize the more extended types of speeches—but only to characterize some of those more generally used.

1. Speeches of Courtesy

a. Announcements and other business remarks should be brief, clearly stated, devoid of any personal display, logically arranged

^aFulton, R. I. and Trueblood, T. C., "The Principles of Elocution," Ginn & Co., N. Y., is a standard and practical treatise on voice and gesture.

so as to state all the essentials of time, place, admission, etc., and uttered so loudly that every one in the audience may hear.

b. In introducing a speaker be sure that you know his name and how to pronounce it; give him his correct title; state quietly, not flamboyantly, his achievements, why he is the speaker, and upon what grounds he claims an attentive hearing; avoid fulsome flattery and corroded superlatives; above all else do not try to make his speech for him; and in the name of decency and common sense, be brief.

c. Presentation speeches are of innumerable types, but for the most part should include a happy reference to the occasion, some gracious remark about the causes that gave rise to the presentation, a bit of personal reminiscence, some tender sentiment, some touch of humor, some pledge of affection or loyalty. Its keynotes are sincere regard and happy felicitation. As a general rule, such speeches are quite brief, saying all that is appropriate to the affair in hand, but no more!

d. Acceptance speeches are generally shorter than presentation speeches. The former respond sincerely to the sentiments of the latter—often merely reecho them, or they may be slightly embroidered with a deeper tone of appreciation, sentiment or humor. In accepting office, it is always appropriate to refer gracefully to a predecessor; to summarize the achievements of the past; to pledge loyalty and devotion; to sketch (but briefly) the campaign of the future; to sound the keynote of the incoming administration; and to coin a clever slogan.

2. After-Dinner Speeches

THE after-dinner speech is the most widely practiced of all types, and the most often abused. The banquet table affords the most comfortable place for the interchange of ideas, social, political, financial, literary and fraternal. Always a good dinner lubricates business. But a painful misconception on the part of many after-dinner speakers cause us often to dread that part of the gathering which should be most eagerly anticipated—the speaking. The three rank faults of after-dinner speak-

ing are triviality, dullness and prolixity. Never lose sight of this fact in your preparation for such an occasion. From the affirmative side keep these general hints before you.

a. Timeliness. Let your remarks grow out of the environment and whether local or general be related to the cause of the gathering.

b. Geniality. Let your manner be agreeable and genial. The speaker is a guest. The diners should be kindred spirits. It is never a time for satire, irony, sharp criticism, or denunciation. It should be a season of commendation, construction, and congratulation. We meet at the banquet table not to place the mortgage, but to burn it!

c. Originality. It is your greatest opportunity to display brightness, humor (not a string of almanac yarns), sprightliness, and novelty in thought. It is the time to employ the elements of surprise, suspense and contrast, to use the unexpected word, to capitalize the unusual situation, to manipulate these with infinite combination and variety. Illustrations and stories, if well within the bounds of good taste, will add sentiment and dramatic climax.

d. Brevity. This type of speech demands quick, clear, vigorous work. It is the brilliant sally of wit and wisdom brought to a speedy, sure conclusion.

Careful attention to such details as these often save embarrassment.

What is the purpose, if any, of the dinner?

Who will be there?
Who are the speakers and on what topics?

What are the surrounding physical conditions: the hall, acoustics, etc?

How long am I expected to speak?

What thoughts will be most helpful toward the success of the affair?

What can I say that will be original, interesting, genial, but not trivial, and always at the same time, appropriate?

The following phrases will summarize the outstanding characteristics of after-dinner speeches:

Informal but not form-less.
Instructive and constructive but not didactic.

Aggressive but not pugnacious.
Logical but not long or tedious.

Point but not sting.
Jest but not joke.

Brief but not briefless.
Fetitious but not frivolous.

Commemorative and Definitely
Motivated types have been held in

mind throughout the detailed discussion in Chapter II, A-D.

Summary

THE testimony of William Lyon Phelps who is Professor of English at Yale University and who is generally acclaimed to be one of the most charming speakers in America, summarizes our previous suggestions. He writes:

"I seldom think how I am speaking. Studied gesture and particular tone of voice may do well for others, but I employ neither. I try to make what I say intimate. Unlike some speakers, I am always looking at the people in the audience. I talk directly to individuals. If someone appears listless, I speak to him until he gets interested and looks up. Let's have sympathy with audiences; those persons have given up an hour of their time, often a valuable hour. We must not weary them with platitudes. Remember, they are there in the room, and can't get out. A lecturer who imposes on such good nature and good-will doesn't deserve a hearing. All of us have sat under men who immediately turned on the reading lamp, and discoursed from manuscript, in level, unmusical tones; and who read on and on for intolerable lengths, though the audience was continually getting more and more impatient and weary. I cannot understand the state of mind of such a speaker. I must feel a definite response. I should be just as conscious of a feeling of boredom as of a change of temperature. On more than one occasion I have gone on to the platform ill and tired, spoken an hour, and left the hall refreshed by the experience; the audience gave me something—what was it? Perhaps because I feel this sympathy, I almost never have the experience of inattentive listeners."

The Grasp of a Hand

The clasp of two hands is literally a physical contact of two pieces of human flesh. Woefully secular and lifeless it can be! We all know the flabby, the clinging, the nervous, the icy hand-grasp. Yet who has not sometimes rejoiced in the grasp of a hand that conveys life and love? Two souls are here united by a physical contact which gives birth to new aspirations and new certainties. Two human beings are here linked hand to hand in mutual respect, mutual trust, and mutual encouragement.—Richard C. Cabot.

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Expatriation

(Continued from page 204)

difference between that vessel and the *Marstal*."

JESSIE was not accustomed to sea travel, never having been aboard a liner until they embarked in San Francisco, and consequently the experience with the gunboat was a novel one for her. Hawley took great pains to show her about, and explain the workings of the vessel while Judge and Mrs. Redfield were visiting with their daughter. Naturally the lieutenant was on his best behavior, and when Jessie was alone with Nell she could not refrain from saying,

"Isn't Mr. Hawley a delightful fellow? And he cannot speak of you without betraying that he really is very much in love."

Shortly thereafter, when Nell and Dick were alone together, she smiled when he said, "Say, Nell, your young American friend certainly is a peach."

THESE comments made her thoughtful. Suppose Dick and Jessie should fall in love with each other. How would that help her situation? Would it be easier to see Nate marry Jessie, or to have Dick marry her? After a long consideration of the matter, she decided that after all it would be better to allow things to proceed along the course they were now taking. As a lover she had become reconciled to having Nate eliminated from her consideration. That struggle had been fought out and won before she left home, and she was determined to urge Jessie to proceed with her plans for marriage. An infatuation between Dick and Jessie would help her in no way and would add to the sorrow which Nate had already been called upon to endure.

She would, therefore, permit Dick to show her attention and would give him just enough encouragement to head off anything like a love affair with her friend, in case he manifested any inclination to do such a thing.

Not only was Dick willing to devote himself to her, but at the

first opportunity he spoke with the judge and told him of his desire to marry Nell.

"I know your views, sir, on the subject of her marrying, but I must frankly disagree with you. Why should the life of this girl be wrecked because her mother happened to have a trace of foreign blood in her veins? At most Nell has but one-sixteenth. She could be examined by the most skillful as well as the most critical scientist in the world and that trace could not possibly be discovered."

"Mr. Hawley, I was reared in the south and am familiar with the evils resulting from mixing white and negro blood. I have opposed it all my life as my father did before me. I am firmly convinced that it is wrong in principle, and if I am right, then this girl should not marry, regardless of the small amount of colored blood which she carries. I will say to you, however, that whereas in the beginning I did not question the correctness of my position, I have been analyzing my own views recently with the hope of discovering whether they are really sound."

"And with what result, may I ask, sir?"

"My own opinion is that Nell should never marry, and I would be pronounced in that opinion if she still feels as she did at the time of leaving home, for you know of her refusal to marry the man to whom she was engaged and whom she unquestionably loved very dearly. Marriage under those conditions would be a violation of principle, and people who violate what they honestly believe to be a principle manifest a weakness which augurs poorly for future happiness. If she could seriously contemplate marriage without feeling that she is doing violence to her own conscience, I should make no determined effort to dissuade her, but my opinion is that she can never do it."

"I am almost a stranger to you and invite you to answer this question frankly: Have you any personal objections to my winning her if I can?"

"None, except those which have

already been stated. Personally the recommendations given you by Captain Evans are sufficient, but you must remember of course that her heart has already been given, though perhaps it is no betrayal of confidence to tell you that her friend, Miss Dean, is practically engaged to the man whom Nell expected to marry."

JESSIE DEAN'S frankness with her friend robbed the situation of much that otherwise would have been extremely embarrassing. It was not long before the two were discussing the situation unreservedly. Nell learned that Nate's path in the beginning, where it ran parallel to Jessie's, was far from smooth. However, after she had been told the cause of Nell's departure, she had, because of sympathy and a real liking for him, been glad of his company and that feeling had gradually ripened into a deeper one.

"Do you actually love him, Jessie?"

"Yes, I do, very much. And still I am not so enthusiastic about it as I have always expected to be when I should become engaged."

"Are you satisfied with Nate's conduct toward you?"

"Well, if I had never seen him make love to you, I should say yes. Nate has changed a great deal since you left, is much more sober and mature, and has lost all of his former rollicking boyishness. He is doubtless as ardent as his present nature permits him to be."

IT was perhaps fortunate for Nell that Dick was about during the first few days and that he was so assiduous in his attentions. While she made no pretense of caring more for him than she really did, it was a pleasant diversion to talk with him. One beautiful evening he took the party for a ride on the harbor and at Nell's request told the story of the hurricane and the naval heroes which had so thrilled her.

"Did you ever see such a hero worshipper?" she asked as he was taking them back to land. And afterwards when she and her parents were alone, she said, "That is the only thing he admires in

me. He thinks I am doing something heroic, and that alone has won his admiration." However, she would have been miserably disappointed had she really thought there were no other characteristics to attract Hawley's admiration.

(To be continued)

Have Faith

FAITH is the basis of all action. No act would ever be attempted if the accomplishment was not anticipated. Faith is a gift from God and every human being has this attribute to a greater or lesser degree.

In this brief article we will consider Faith under three headings only.

1. Faith in ourselves.
2. Faith in humanity.
3. Faith in God.

Faith in Ourselves: Someone has said: "Doubt whom you will but never yourself." We should all know ourselves, our strength, our weaknesses, our abilities, our talents. Our strength we should use in overcoming our weaknesses; our ability, to develop our God-given powers.

We should have the courage of our convictions; the courage to do right regardless of friend or foe, of jibes or scoffs. Such was the faith of the boy Joseph Smith when he faced an unbelieving world declaring that God had manifested himself in the form and likeness of man.

Faith in humanity: "The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them." A suspicious, cynical disposition reacts upon itself, dragging down instead of building up.

"Judge not that ye be not judged.

Was the counsel Jesus gave,
Measure given large or grudging,
Just the same you must receive."

Faith in God: Faith in God sufficiently developed and practiced insures faith in man and faith in oneself. With it all things are possible. Faith in God was the power that sustained President Brigham Young when he led his people into an unknown land. The faith that gave the early pioneers courage to leave their homes and friends to travel the desert, to wade streams and climb mountains that they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences; the faith that inspired Nephi to say, "I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."—B. of M., 1 Nephi 3.

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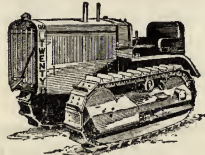
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CATERPILLAR

Values

[Continued from page 212]

daughter of such a father. She was suddenly aware that if Bob did not want her when he knew of her humble home and of her father, she did not desire him to want her at all. She was the daughter of these peasants; let him know her background for what it was.

When her father came out in his best suit of rusty black, his face pale, but composed, Louise held out her arms to him.

"Daddy, I shan't let you prove a traitor to your love, just to help me in mine. We will welcome my friends here, or not at all."

And she was adamant in her decision. With it came the calmness and sense of peace that always attends a determination to do the right thing, even though it be hard.

THANKS to Daddy, the house was scrupulously clean. Louise gathered flowers to brighten the plain rooms and brought out the treasures of embroidered linen, trimmed with hand-made lace, to further adorn the chalet. The view from the west windows was entrancing, after her absence. Colorful red sandstone hills stretched away in the distance, their bright hues fading to rose that blended with the soft, pale blue of more distant peaks. Miss Drake, the art teacher who was with them, would have scant time to notice the poor little house with such beauty to ponder over.

Louise decided to set the dinner table out under the fig-trees by the rocky. She could prepare strawberries and cream, vegetables, a chicken, honey,—a simple meal, but in keeping with the surroundings. The table, with its embroidered, lace-trimmed cloth and flowers, would be attractive, even though simple. And set out under the blue, blue sky with the soft, perfumed air of May to lend enchantment—Louise was almost happy in her preparations. Perhaps it would all seem very shabby to Bob, but at least she was being loyal to Daddy and could, somehow, bear the consequences, even if they proved to be the loss of Bob's interest and admiration,

and the death of her most cherished desires.

AND while Louise bustled about, Maria Smutz, in the big, white house below, watched the passing time bitterly, as no Willy put in his appearance. When, in the afternoon, Mr. Ashley came up the walk to make inquiries, as Louise's note to Bob had bidden them to ask for her at the "big, white house on Main Street" (the girl feeling sure at the time she penned the note that she would be there to greet them), she was grim to taciturnity:

"Go up the lane as far as yuh can with the cars and then walk on to the house yuh see on the hillside ahead," she told them.

Louise lost all her courage when she saw Bob coming up the path with the others, but, hiding her trepidation, she went forth to meet them.

"This is too perfect!" Bob greeted her, seizing her hands joyously. "Why, Mr. Alder!"—this as Louise presented her father—"you've transplanted a bit of Switzerland right into Utah's Dixie!" And he fell into a hearty discussion of that country, delighting Mr. Alder's homesick soul. Her father talked well, Louise rejoiced. The Swiss didn't neglect education.

FROM the snatches of conversation she could hear as she moved to and from the house when at last they were all seated at table and she was bringing out the cooked food, Louise gathered that both Bob and Mr. Ashley, as well as Miss Drake, had been to Switzerland and greatly admired the country and its people.

How they did enjoy her supper! The view, the garden, the quaint charm of the house, the embroidered cloth, the food—were all admired so sincerely that the girl thought she must be dreaming. And she had worried so because of this very "differentness" which they all praised so enthusiastically. The relief was greater than she could bear, it seemed, and left her dazed; but her heart swelled with gratitude.

A LITTLE later, she and Bob left the others chatting in the back garden and walked to the front yard. The moon had risen and poured her enchantment over dreaming valley and melting peaks.

Bob reached for Louise's hand and drew her close to his side.

"I hope this won't be my last visit to this charming spot," he said, "nor the last time I have a chance to eat the things you have cooked. May I come again, sometime—early this summer?"

Louise looked up at him to smile:

"I hope you will want to come—again."

A Test of Sanity

The ability to remain both sober and gracious under high reward or great responsibility is a quality that we greatly admire in others. To retain a simple and open mind after doing something that is acknowledged to be of merit is one of the rarest accomplishments of sanity. It makes for pleasantness in abundant measure.

Indeed it does more than this: it makes living possible, paves the way to success, begets good will, conquers hatred and uncharitableness,—in short, it is the substance of comity, the evidence of grace, and the proof of a large mind that is sane.

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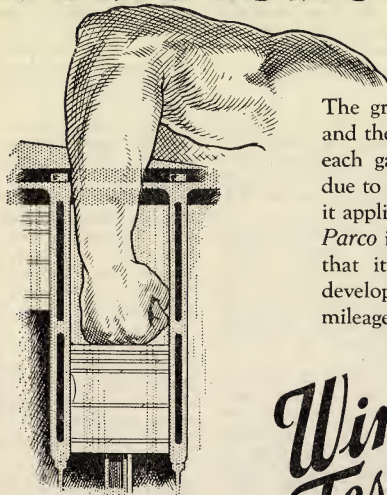
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Foods for Health

Foods for Happiness

[Continued from page 197]

but the more hospitable way is to serve at the table. The service can easily be planned so that a hostess can serve without leaving her chair at the head of the table.

A ring mould is an attractive way of preparing food for informal serving. Either warm or cold food may be moulded. The center of the ring makes a separate place for salads, sauces or creamed foods and if the mould is placed on a large platter or chop plate, the edge of the plate on the outside of the ring mould may be utilized for small chops, potato chips or lettuce. In this way the entire main course may be placed in front of the hostess for serving.

The Luncheon Table

THE table should be arranged early before the rush of the cooking begins. Doilies or runners may be used or almost any kind of a table cover, except an elaborate dinner cloth.

The center-piece should be simple but effective. Special holidays and unusual events suggest different kinds of decorations but for the ordinary occasion, a bowl with a low arrangement of seasonal flowers is as lovely as anything that can be had.

Luncheon being a mid-day meal, candles are not used, but a pair of brightly colored birds now in vogue or a pair of tall dishes (compimers) containing jellies or candies add color and give balance and symmetry to the table. Place cards may be used since they simplify the seating of the guests.

China no longer has to match in kind or color—nearly anything may be used providing it is pretty and colorful. If the main course is to be served on one plate the dinner-size plate should be used, as food is not appetizing when too much is crowded together.

At each individual place or "cover" at the table, there should be the required amount of silver, a water glass and a napkin.

Service plates may be used, and

they give a "completed" look to the table but unless there is a waitress they complicate the serving.

The silver is laid in the order in which it is to be used, *working from the outside in toward the plate*, knives and spoons at the right, and forks at the left. All knives are placed with cutting edge in; spoons and forks with the bowls and tines up. The butter spreader is placed across the top of the bread and butter plate which is at the left at the tip of the meat fork. Bread and butter plates are not used at a formal luncheon, but at an informal meal where hot bread is served, or where the salad is on the luncheon plate they are necessary as receptacles for jelly or other relishes, as well as for the bread and butter.

The napkin is placed at the left and the water glass at the right at the tip of the knife blade. Just before the guests are seated the water glasses should be filled about three-fourths of an inch from the top. If punch or fruit juices are served they are poured into a smaller glass which is placed at the right of the water glass and a trifle nearer the edge of the table.

A tea wagon or small table placed at the right of the hostess is a great convenience as the serving silver, extra butter, a bowl of ice and other things which would clutter the dining table can all be placed within reach of the hostess.

SOCIAL affairs can be *correctly* given without being either pretentious or costly. If flowers are too expensive or cannot be had green shrubbery, with the help of flower "frogs," can be artistically arranged. A cake which is later served as dessert, when decorated with colored icing or candies, is lovely as a center piece. A bowl of polished fruits is nice. On St. Valentine's day we all indulge in a bit of sentiment and paper hearts are almost indispensable as a decoration. Red, white and blue streamers, and small flags can be

used for Washington's birthday and last year the city shops displayed unique log cabins for Lincoln's birthday.

Do not borrow china and linen or table appointments from friends. If you are limited keep your parties small, use what you have and make no *apologies*. It is usually presumed that a hostess is giving the guests the best she has to offer and her ease and informality help to assure a happy and successful affair.

Supper Parties

A SUPPER party in the home is bound to be an enjoyable affair if everybody is allowed to take a hand in preparing and serving the food. If a large number of guests are to be entertained the buffet form of serving may be resorted to. This is an easy service for the hostess—the plates, silver and napkins are placed on the sideboard, the food is spread on the dining table where all may help themselves to what they wish. Although hot dishes may be served, cold meats, salads and sandwiches form the usual menu.

If the guests are few and congenial they may gather round the dining table where all the "fixings" are placed and take a hand in mixing the salads and making the sandwiches. One charming hostess offers her supper guests hot baked apples with cream and cinnamon toast. Electric toasters are placed on the table, the butter, sugar and cinnamon are blended together and each guest spreads his own toast as it comes hot from the grill.

Waffle suppers. There is nothing in the home that will give more pleasure to young people than a waffle iron. Waffle suppers are considered "keen" affairs, as they afford an opportunity for everybody to experiment with operating the iron and mixing and cooking furnishes the fun.

Luncheon Menus

Fried chicken Parsley potato balls
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Muffins Relishes

Individual pies

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Asparagus salad
Fruit-jello
Tea biscuits
Cake

Minced clam soufflé
Vegetable salad
Chocolate Angel Food Cake
Potato chips
Hot rolls

Waffle Supper

I
Fruit-cup
Waffles
Baked sausage
Syrup—Honey
Apple rings

II
Grapefruit salad
Waffles
Bacon and scrambled eggs
Syrup—Honey

Canapes and Sandwiches

Anchovy Canape. Take slices of bread, butter and toast on one side and cut in round shapes. Spread them with equal parts of anchovy paste and butter well mixed; then grated onion to suit taste; some finely shredded lettuce and a slice of tomato. Cover tomato with mayonnaise and dash of paprika.

Canape. Long thin pieces of toast covered with thin slices of tomato and spread with line of anchovy paste from tube.

Caviar Crackers. Spread thin crackers or toast with butter, then with caviar, a few drops of lemon juice and a little finely minced egg.

Sardine Canapes. Skin and bone sardines, mash to a paste, moisten with mayonnaise dressing and season with salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce.

Spread on thin slices of fresh white bread. Roll up as a jelly roll. Toast a delicate brown and serve hot.

Tomato and Anchovy Appetizer. Spread rounds of toasted bread with

butter and anchovy paste. Place thin slice of tomato on top, sprinkle with grated American cheese, put under broiler until cheese is melted. Serve hot and garnish with sprigs of parsley. In place of grated cheese on tomato, mayonnaise sprinkled with caviar may be served.

Tongue Relish. Butter a slice of bread, cut round, put on it a thin slice of cold boiled smoked tongue, a layer of tomato jelly, a spoonful of mayonnaise and a slice of pimiento.

Club Sandwich. Toast 2 slices of bread a delicate brown. On 1 slice put leaf of lettuce, covering with mayonnaise, then white meat of chicken or of turkey, and 2 pieces of crisp bacon. Put mayonnaise on this and cover with other piece of toast. Serve while hot.

Hot Cheese-Tomato Sandwich. Slice and cut crust from sandwich bread. Cover each slice with American cheese $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Place slice of tomato 1 inch thick on top of cheese, then lay slices of bacon criss-cross on top and sprinkle with paprika. Place on dripping pans and when ready to serve put in hot oven and cook slowly until bacon is brown.

Chive Sandwiches. Cream $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. butter, add as much lemon juice as the butter will absorb, season well with white pepper, and chives chopped fine and spread on rounds of rye bread.

Sandwich Fillings

Figs. Chop figs fine, add a little water and cook in double boiler until paste is formed. Then add few drops of lemon juice. Cool, mix with finely chopped nuts and spread.

Cheese. Bluehill pimiento, mixed with nuts and mayonnaise dressing.

Newfatch cheese mixed with chopped pecans or ripe olives.

Chopped pecans and pimiento, half and half, mixed with mayonnaise.

Eggs. Hard-boiled eggs. Mash fine, add sardines or anchovy paste and little dressing.

Roast Lamb. Put through meat grinder, moisten with mint sauce.

Clam Souffle

1 can minced clams
1 cup milk
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
5 square soda crackers
salt
pepper
dash cayenne

Soak crackers in milk. Put clams with juice in double boiler, and when heated remove from fire, and stir in beaten yolks of eggs. Add milk with crackers, butter and seasoning—mix well together and fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into baking dish—place dish in pan of hot water and bake in slow oven about 50 minutes.

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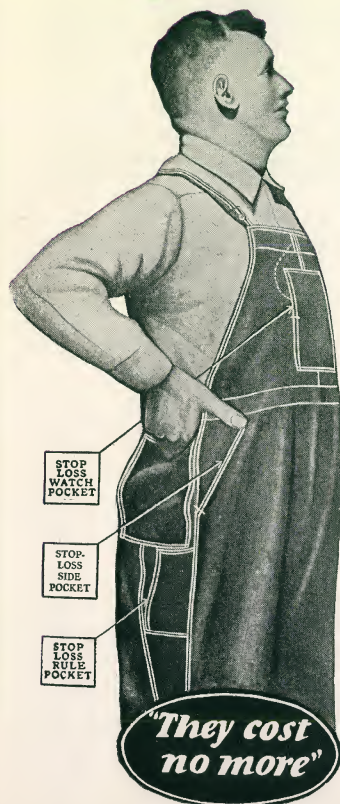
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